THE AMERICAN WEST

Cover: Cincinnati artist Henry Farny painted this evocative scene—entitled On the Trail in Winter*—in 1894, the same year he traveled west to visit reservations in Oklahoma and Indian territories. There he saw the once-indomitable Apache leader Geronimo living as a virtual prisoner of war. "It breaks my heart," Farny said some time later, "to see the prairies cut up with barbed wire and to see the once noble Red Man debauching himself on the reservation." Thus in his many Indian paintings, Farny chose not to paint reservation scenes but rather to depict a former way of life that by his day had all but disappeared. An article on Farny with a portfolio of his paintings begins on page 36 of this issue.*

COVER PAINTING REPRODUCED COURTESY OF THE ROCKWELL-CORNING MUSEUM, CORNING, NEW YORK

COLLECTION OF RELL G. FRANCIS, HERITAGE PRINTS, SPRINGVILLE, UTAH

The picturesque country scene above, captured on a glass plate by Mormon photographer George Ed Anderson in 1898, depicts the children of Huntington, Utah, farmer Christian Otteson at their daily milking chores. Anderson, a professional photographer in Springville, earned much of his livelihood by traveling the Utah countryside to make portraits of the rural folk posed in his portable "tent gallery." At the same time he constantly photographed everyday scenes like this one, leaving us an invaluable record of life in another era. For more on Anderson and his work, turn to page 14.

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, publisher of *The American West*, is a nonprofit educational institution dedicated to the preservation of the western heritage. Located in Cody, Wyoming, and dating from 1927, the center incorporates four major western museums in one complex: the Buffalo Bill Museum, the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, the Plains Indian Museum, and the Winchester Museum.

COLLECTION OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

THIS UNUSUAL AMBROTYPE, made in the late 1850s by pioneer Oregon photographer Peter Britt, suggests a tender-eyed westerner's affection for his cat. But more often than not in the early American West, cats were prized as rat-catchers rather than as pets, as Reginald Bretnor shows in "Bring Cats," an article about cats (and rats) on the frontier, beginning on page 32 of this issue.

THE AMERICAN WEST
THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

Published by the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming

Sponsored by the Western History Association

November/December 1978 Volume XV, Number 6

PETER H. HASSRICK, DIRECTOR

Publisher and Editor
ED HOLM

Managing Editor
PAMELA HERR

Circulation and Business Manager
DIANE LINDQUIST

Advertising Coordinator
SUSAN KAFER

Circulation Assistant
CLARA LOEFFLER

Western History Association Representative
EVERETT L. COOLEY

Editorial Board
JUDITH AUSTIN*
ROBERT BECKER
RAY A. BILLINGTON*
JOHN P. BLOOM
DONALD C. CUTTER
HUGH A. DEMPSEY
RICHARD H. DILLON
FEROL EGAN
ROBERT C. EULER
JOHN C. EWERS*
GEORGE P. HAMMOND
MICHAEL HARRISON
ROBERT HITCHMAN
W. H. HUTCHINSON
WILBUR R. JACOBS
DON GREAME KELLEY
PATRICIA KOLLINGS
ROBERT H. LISTER
RICHARD REINHARDT
MARTIN RIDGE*
DON RUSSELL*
C. L. SONNICHSEN
OWEN ULPH
ROBERT M. UTLEY*
ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN
*WHA APPOINTEES

4 The Curious "Cousin Jacks"
by Paul Friggens
Cornish Miners in the American West

8 Master of the Political Winds
by Merritt Barnes
California's Colorful "Sunny Jim" Rolph

14 Views of Mormon Country
by Rell G. Francis
The Life and Photographs of George Edward Anderson

30 Portrait for a Western Album
by James P. Degnan
Henry Miller: California Land Baron

32 "Bring Cats!"
by Reginald Bretnor
A Feline History of the West

36 Henry Farny
by Denny Carter
Painter of Indians and the Western Landscape

49 Western History Today

51 The American West Review

THE AMERICAN WEST is published in January, March, May, July, September, and November by the American West Publishing Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, a nonprofit educational organization, Mrs. Henry H. R. Coe, chairman. Editorial and advertising offices are located at Suite 160, 20380 Town Center Lane, Cupertino, California 95014. Single copy price: $3.00. Subscriptions: one year $15.00; two years $25.00; three years $35.00 (outside U.S. $1.00 extra). Manuscripts and communications from subscribers should be sent to the above address; members of the Western History Association should address all communications regarding subscriptions to William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557. THE AMERICAN WEST will consider, but assumes no responsibility for, unsolicited material.

Copyright© 1978 by the American West Publishing Company.

Second class postage paid at Cupertino, California, and additional post offices.

THE CURIOUS "COUSIN JACKS"

Cornish Miners in the American West

by Paul Friggens

THERE IS AN OLD SAYING that "wherever there is a hole in the earth, you will find a Cornishman at the bottom of it." For centuries, the curious, competent Cornish have ranked among the world's greatest hard-rock miners, and they have made a monumental contribution to mining in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the United States.

Hailing from the ancient tin and copper mines of Cornwall, England, which tradition says were mined long before the time of Christ and may even have supplied the metals used in the temple of Jerusalem, the hardy Cornishmen pioneered mining in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Montana, South Dakota, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Colorado, and California. "The Cornishmen," says Thomas A. Rickard in *A History of Mining in America,* "knew better than anyone else how to break rock, how to timber bad ground, and how to make the other fellow shovel it, tram it and hoist it."

Experienced in hard-rock mining and gifted with an uncanny "nose for ore," the Cornish were experts at sinking shafts and striking illusive pay dirt. They introduced contract mining, working for 10 or 15 percent of the proceeds instead of low daily wages, and their incentive system greatly stepped up mineral production. It was Cornish mechanical genius and engineering that invented the Cornish pump to remove water from the mines, and a Cornishman, Richard Pearce, introduced a smelting process that revolutionized Colorado's complex quartz mining, recovering over 75 percent of the gold. Hiking one day through Russell Gulch near Idaho Springs, Colorado, Pearce reportedly made the first discovery of pitchblende (uranium ore) in North America.

Tourists today can readily find abundant evidence of the Cornish impact on the West. Those picturesque dry-stone walls terracing the colorful little cottages that cling to the gutted hillsides around Central City, Colorado, were laid up by Cornishmen over a century ago. And those same music-loving miners helped to build the now historic Central City Opera House. Cornish miners also discovered or helped develop some of the great California gold mines—the Empire, North Star, and Gold Hill—lying around pine-clad Grass Valley, while neighboring Nevada City, with its stately Victorian homes, lovely gardens, and gas-lighted streets was and still is dominantly Cornish. With the discovery of gold by the Custer military expedition in 1874, the Cornish flocked to the Black Hills of Dakota, where they prospected in Deadwood Gulch and then settled down to work the incredibly rich Homestake in Lead, South Dakota, now the largest gold mine in the United States. Even today Lead has a great many Cornish families.

Opposite: A Cornishman poses on his way to a Colorado mine. His lunch pail no doubt contains what the Cornish dubbed "a letter from home"—a beef and potato pie that was a staple in every Cousin Jack's diet.

COLLECTION OF THE WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT, DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

You can find Cornish names on the crumbling tombstones of the West from Lead to Leadville, Globe to Grass Valley, and from Creede to Cripple Creek. They are strange-sounding names, compounded of Celtic, French, and English origins: Pasco, Pellew, Penhallow, Polglase, Hosken, Nankervis, Godolphin, Spargo, Lutey, Trembath, Reskelly, Trevilian, and Trelawny. An old rhyme says: "By Tre, Pol and Pen, you shall know the Cornishmen." But they also bear such common names as Bennett, Edwards, Harris, Hill, James, Johns, Stephens, Thomas, and Williams. Many became well-known names in the West as businessmen, educators, ministers, and two as Methodist bishops. One of the most famous Cornishmen was Spencer Penrose, a descendant of the distinguished Penrose family of Pennsylvania. Going west to Colorado, he hit the gold boom in Cripple Creek and became a multimillionaire. A wheeler-dealer and lavish spender, Penrose invested in other western mines, real estate, and farms; founded the famed Broadmoor Hotel; built an auto road up Pike's Peak; and secured his name forever in the annals of Colorado.

Immigrating to America by the thousands, the Cornish quickly won the sobriquet "Cousin Jacks." It appears that whenever men were wanted in the mines, or for any work, the eager Cornishmen always volunteered that they knew somebody back home—"a Cousin Jack"—who could do the job. Later their quaint womenfolk, dressed up in "dust ruffle" skirts, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and ostrich-plume hats, became known as "Cousin Jennies."

Fresh from Cornwall and speaking an almost unintelligible dialect, the rough-and-ready Cousin Jacks were considered peculiar indeed. Physically, they were of small stature, but with broad shoulders and chests (quite possibly developed from drilling and mucking in the mines), which appeared disproportionate to their slender hips and legs. Altogether a strange new breed with a speech considered both quaint and comical, the Cornish soon became the butt of crude mining-camp ridicule and humor.

Intrigued by the colorful Cousin Jacks, a Yankee shift boss, so one story goes, decided to bring home Jan and Bill after work one night to meet his wife. "Dearie," the shift boss called upstairs to his wife, "I've got a pair of Cousin Jacks down here for you to see."

But it was already past bedtime, and the woman had retired. "Put them in the barn, give them some hay, and I'll look at them in the morning," she called back.

THE CORNISH came from that wild and lovely bit of England, the little peninsula thrust like the toe of a boot into the open Atlantic at the extreme southwestern tip of Britain. Cornwall is perhaps the most enchanting part of England: a place of myths, mermaids, smugglers, coves, and Camelot. It is the legendary land of King Arthur, as well as the country of the bold buccaneers who inspired Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance.*

COLLECTION OF THE OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PORTLAND, OREGON

Famed as skilled professional hard-rock miners, the Cornish poured into the mining regions of the West during the second half of the nineteenth century as their own ancient tin and copper mines were unable to compete with rich deposits elsewhere. Small, broad-chested, and strong, the Cornish Cousin Jacks, like the men in the photograph at right, worked long hours underground in oppressive and dark mines. "Wherever there is a hole in the earth, you will find a Cornishman at the bottom of it," wags liked to comment.

The duchy of Cornwall, only about eighty miles long, is at no point more than twenty miles from the sea. Isolated from the rest of England for centuries, and infused with the blood of seagoing adventurers, the Cornish evolved one of the six Celtic languages and their own distinctive culture. In this storm-tossed, austere land, they eked out a rugged existence as fishermen, farmers, and miners.

As miners, they have a dramatic history. At first, centuries ago, the "tinners," as they were called, panned the rivers and streams for "free tin" much as the first gold seekers placer-mined in the Black Hills, the Rockies, and the Sierra Nevada. Then traders from afar, such as the Phoenicians, braved the unknown seas to procure the precious metal. Still later, the Cornish dug incredible tin mines and even tunneled a mile or so out under the Atlantic ocean and 2,000 feet deep to recover it. Born to toil, the rugged Cornish often started work in the mines as boys of nine or ten. Before the day of hoisting engines and cages to lower and lift the men, miners often had to descend and then climb out a thousand feet or more by ladder—after ten or twelve hours of backbreaking labor in the bowels of the earth.

For centuries, Cornwall was famed as the tin and copper capital of the world. But in the 1800s, the most accessible ores began to peter out, water flooded the deepest mines, and the metals were no longer economic to mine. Finally, when rich deposits were discovered overseas, Cornwall was gripped in a disastrous depression. Before long, tens of thousands of Cornish swarmed to other mining areas of the world, and from the 1800s to the turn of the century, hordes flocked to the American West. Probably one-quarter of the population of famed Gilpin County, Colorado, for example, were Cornish.

THESE IMMIGRANT CORNISH were a distinctive people: curious, clannish, superstitious, generous, humorous, with a lusty interest in life and the opposite sex. They were soon famed for their odd customs and food, as well as the strange language they spoke.

Using a mixture of Celtic and local dialects, the Cornish had developed their own peculiar tongue, similar to that of the Welsh and Bretons. Indeed, the genuine Cornish language was spoken until about two hundred years ago when it gradually became anglicized. But the Cornishmen even gave English their own distinctive stamp. Characteristically, they dropped their *h*'s on many words and added them on others. Thus the Cousin Jack said *'ome* for "home" and *hearl* for "earl." And, invariably, they used the word *thee* for "you," together with such endearing terms as "my son," and "my 'andsom" and "my beautay." Their common swearword was "damme," and their favorite descriptive, "bloody." Thus the Cousin Jack might say of an injury or pain, "Damme, my bloody old leg is killing me."

But they were virtually unintelligible whenever they mixed original Cornish with English. Take the Cousin Jack who went to a doctor's office in Lead, South Dakota, and tried to explain his trouble to an American nurse.

"Look 'ere thee," complained the hard-rock miner. "Es 'ave a sore ouzel and can't clunk."

Flabbergasted, the poor nurse pressed for a translation. But the Cousin Jack, obviously becoming irate, kept repeating, "Sore ouzel and can't clunk." At this point, the doctor stepped out of his office, and being familiar with Cornish dialect, got right to the trouble.

"You say you've got a sore ouzel and can't clunk?" he said to the patient. "You mean you've got a sore throat and can't swallow?"

COLLECTION OF THE WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT, DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

Cornishmen often won all the prizes at the rock-drilling contests held in many mining regions on holidays. At left, in a Silverton, Colorado, Labor Day contest, one man holds and rotates a heavy steel drill while his partner swings the sledge to drive the drill into a granite block. An expert could make more than fifty strokes a minute, but if he missed, he could crush his teammate's hand. A Cornishman named Sell Tarr set the world's record in a 1903 Bisbee, Arizona, contest by drilling 28⅝ inches in fifteen minutes.

"Es can 'ave im that way if thees a mind to," smiled the greatly relieved Cousin Jack.

Stories of the Cousin Jack in America are legion, and out of a lifetime of listening and laughing with my people, who are all of Cornish descent, I treasure these gems:

Passing a butcher shop in Deadwood, a Cousin Jack newly arrived in the West was fascinated by a huge stuffed owl in the window. Entering the shop, he inquired of the butcher: "Ow much thee want for thee broad-faced chickon?"

"That edn' no chickon," said the Cornish butcher. " 'Es an owl."

"Damme," swore the Cousin Jack, "I dusent care ow auld it is. What thee want for it?"

Illiterate but proud, the newly arrived Cornish miner did his best to conceal that he could neither read nor write. Picking up a newspaper one day in a Colorado boarding house, a Cousin Jack blurted out, "Damme, some bloody wreck 'ere!" The illiterate miner was looking at a picture of a train, but holding the newspaper upside down!

Holding out his clenched fist, a Cornishman said to a schoolboy, "Look 'ere, my son. If thee's can tell me 'ow many pennies 'es got in my 'and, thees can 'ave all five of 'em."

"Five," said the boy.

"Damme, take 'n all," said the Cousin Jack. "Thee'rt a wizard."

Though uneducated and illiterate, the Cousin Jacks were usually warm-hearted and good family men. On arriving in America, one endeavored to correspond with his sweetheart back home. But unable to write, he dictated his letter to another man in the boarding house, pouring out all his loneliness and love.

"Now pardner, you readen' back," ordered the Cousin Jack. But first he clapped his hands over the other man's ears so he wouldn't hear all the endearing things he had confided in the letter.

With the discovery of gold, silver, lead, and other ores that triggered the rush to the Rockies and Black Hills in the late 1800s, the Cornish poured into the West. And working ten- and twelve-hour shifts, six days a week, for around $2.50 a day, they earned a precarious living. Breathing foul air from black powder smoke and choking on dust from dry drilling in the poorly ventilated mines, the immigrants suffered a common ailment, "miners consumption" or silicosis, and they died young. If they were not killed by lung disease, the lowly miners risked death by fire, cave-ins, and dynamiting. Tough, plucky little people, the Cornish took hair-raising risks to save the lives of their fellow miners.

They also experienced bitter competition. Since the mining companies thrived on cheap labor, other Europeans—Italians, Irish, Austrian, and Finnish miners—were often hired because they would work for less pay than the Cornish. Naturally this aroused fierce jealousy, and a story illustrates the tension.

Making the rounds one morning, a Cornish mine foreman talked to a pair of Cousin Jacks who were drilling and blasting in a stope.

"Ow art e gettin 'hon, my sons?" he inquired.

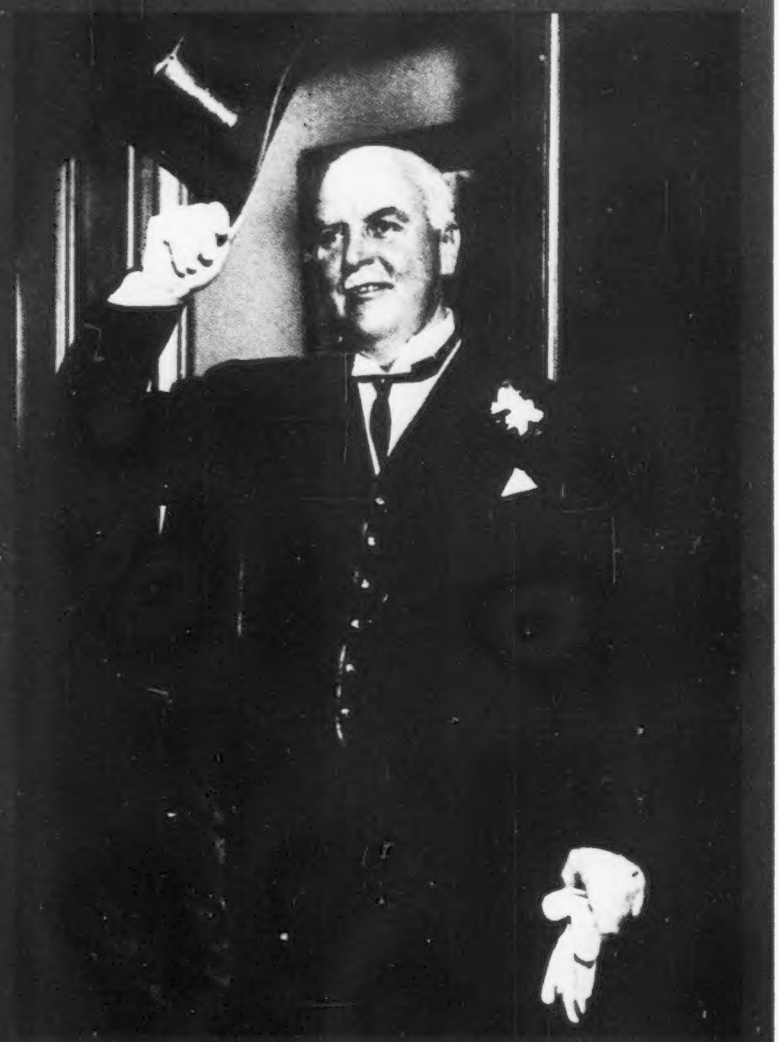
"Bloody 'ard. She's bloody 'ard," the sweating miners replied.

"Well, never mind, patience and perseverance will do the job," the foreman encouraged and went his way.

After he was out of sight and hearing, one Cousin Jack

Continued on page 62

James Rolph, Jr.



Master of the Political Winds

by Merritt S. Barnes, Jr.

COLLECTION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO HISTORY ROOM, SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

IN AN OVERWHELMING VICTORY, James Rolph, Jr., was elected governor of California in November 1930, just as economic chaos engulfed the nation. The flamboyant Republican, who had spent nineteen colorful years as mayor of San Francisco, amazed state political observers when he gained an unprecedented 72 percent of the vote to shatter two opponents.

But to thoughtful analysts it was clear that "Sunny Jim" Rolph had been elected neither because of a record of administrative skill nor a decisive platform that might lessen the crippling effects of the deepening depression. Rolph was ill-equipped intellectually, politically, and temperamentally to cope with the overwhelmingly complex problems presented by the state's impending financial collapse. During five terms as mayor of San Francisco, Rolph had managed to reduce public policy to a concerted effort "to promote [a] warm atmosphere of harmony and tolerance," as the *Nation* put it. In 1930 the people of California, faced with economic breakdown, turned to the gladhanding Rolph because he symbolized a happier, more prosperous time which they desperately wished to resurrect. The circumstances made it hardly surprising that within two years of his inauguration Rolph had proved to be among the least effective governors in the state's history.

Nevertheless, when Rolph died in 1934, just before the end of his term as governor, public grief was deep and widespread. Despite his failure as governor, the *San Francisco Chronicle* called Rolph "the most memorable civic representative the town has ever produced." Sunny Jim was clearly among the most popular political figures of his age. A close friend observed, "He was one of the few who could provoke a spontaneous public ovation without sending runners ahead to make sure it was spontaneous." Thousands sadly reflected that Rolph's shortcomings, like his abilities, were not so much personal characteristics as the embodiment of the strengths and weaknesses of his generation. His seemingly paradoxical popularity rested neither upon leadership nor upon specific accomplishments but upon a personal style that, for better or worse, allowed him to turn the conventional wisdom of his era into public policy.

If there was any consistency at all in Rolph's numerous administrations, it was his desire to pursue a course that would keep him in the spotlight and enhance his reputation as a man of the people. He appeared at events of all kinds, always properly costumed. Rolph was attired in overalls to break ground for the new city hall, wore a motorman's uniform to drive the first streetcar to operate on the municipal railway, donned a baseball uniform to throw the opening pitch of the Seals' season, and made formal diplomatic dress fashionable while hosting the 1915 Panama Pacific International Exposition. He claimed to have marched in every major parade in the state. Not only was Rolph everywhere, it seemed that Sunny Jim was everything as well. An Episcopalian, he frequented the Catholic

Saint James Church and was an honorary member of Temple Emanu-el. A former president of the Shipowners' Association of the Pacific Coast, past president of the Merchants' Exchange, and director of the Chamber of Commerce, Rolph also held memberships in most of the city's unions and was particularly fond of boasting that he was the only member of the ultra-fashionable Pacific Union Club who also belonged to the garbagemen's union.

The ubiquitous Rolph was predisposed to grand personal gestures. Upon learning of a bank's plan to foreclose the mortgage of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the mayor put up $1,700 of his own money to rescue the distressed congregation. On another occasion the financial problems of a city-employed boilermaker led him to seek a divorce, but Sunny Jim breezed into court with money to pay the man's debts and a bouquet of white roses for the man's wife to effect a reconciliation on the spot. During World War I, Rolph offered to deliver gifts to the soldiers of San Francisco's regiment when he made a Christmas visit to Fort Lewis, Washington. The response was so overwhelming he had to charter several freight cars to handle all the packages. There was no doubt that Sunny Jim Rolph had charisma—well before charisma became a watchword. As Sally Stanford, operator of the city's leading brothel, put it, he was a "political dreamboat."

ROLPH HAD NO TROUBLE reconciling his flamboyant style with policy goals, for the latter were changeable, continually adjusted during his administrations to accommodate shifts in the popular mood. In January 1912, when Rolph was inaugurated as mayor, Hiram Johnson, the Progressive-Republican governor of California, was completing a first year in office described by Theodore Roosevelt as "the greatest advance ever made by any state for its people." Woodrow Wilson was calling upon Americans to "express the new spirit of our politics," while Roosevelt was preparing to lead an army of Progressives to Armageddon to battle for the Lord.

Sunny Jim Rolph placed himself in the forefront of the Progressive movement that was sweeping the nation. He resurrected architect Daniel Burnham's plan for city beautification discarded after the 1906 earthquake and fire, constructed tunnels under the city's hills to open new residential districts, built boulevards to speed the flow of traffic, and won passage of an $8.8 million bond issue to finance a new civic center. Rolph earned widespread public praise for guaranteeing the city's future water supply by securing congressional approval of the Hetch Hetchy Water Project, which had been held up since 1901 by a determined band of conservationists led by John Muir. Finally, Rolph confronted opponents of the proposed municipal railway who planned litigation to block its construction. He announced, "You cannot ride on a lawsuit. The people want to ride on streetcars" and made sure the cars of the nation's first municipally owned street railway system were rolling by 1913. San Francisco seemed a most progressive city, and James Rolph, Jr., a champion of reform.

But by 1916, Rolph found political winds blowing in a different direction. Antagonism between capital and labor had grown increasingly bitter as violent incidents such as the 1910 dynamiting of the *Los Angeles Times* building, the 1913 Wheatland Hop Riot, and the 1914 Ludlow, Colorado, Mine Massacre shocked the nation. In the spring of 1916 the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce announced plans for an open shop campaign. The city's unions were determined to resist. Rolph admitted that "while conceding the ability and importance and numbers of those who contend for the 'open shop,' my faith has always been in 'Organized Union Labor.'" The mayor further expressed his intent to "represent the great neutral forces whose chief concern is that law and order be preserved."

But by the summer of 1916 there was no room for "neutral forces." The issue of preparedness—whether or not to increase spending and manpower to prepare the nation's military forces for participation in World War I —became a focus for the city's increasing class conciousness. The Chamber of Commerce's "open shop" Law and Order Committee became the local champion of the national campaign for preparedness headed by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge. The city's labor unions, arguing that the war was simply a conflict between capitalist powers in which the laboring classes did the fighting, were unanimous in their opposition to the preparedness movement and passed a series of resolutions of nonparticipation in the massive Preparedness Day Parade to be held on July 22, 1916. When a bomb exploded during the parade killing ten and wounding scores, Rolph's willingness to attempt to mediate the city's class tensions disappeared. From the bedside of a friend killed in the explosion Rolph promised that "the fiends responsible for this outrage will be brought to justice." Because of the city's class tensions, the Law and Order Committee had little difficulty focusing public outrage upon an extremely small group of anarchists and labor radicals, and Rolph, swept along by the tide of public opinion, ordered police to go "to the root of the anarchist canker in San Francisco and destroy it." The resultant public hysteria allowed District Attorney Charles Fickert to use tactics that included perjury and subornation of perjury to convict labor radicals Tom Mooney and Warren Billings in the bomb cases. For nearly twenty-five years the affair was described in the national press as an "American Dreyfus case," and but for the intervention of Woodrow Wilson, who had Mooney's death sentence commuted to life imprisonment, would have foreshadowed Sacco and Vanzetti. Later evidence of misdeeds by the prosecution was repeatedly exposed, but Rolph held firm in his belief that justice had been done and as governor refused to grant Mooney a pardon.

Rolph's actions during the Preparedness Day incident

did not, however, represent a break with the city's Progressives and labor unions. At the height of a 1917 strike the mayor impatiently told the Chamber of Commerce, "The world is changing all around you, and you and your kind don't know any more than the czar knew what was happening." But Rolph's resolution to give organized labor its due was shattered by personal reverses. Overwork resulted in a physical breakdown which required an extended rest in a local sanitarium. Recovery was accompanied by the collapse of Rolph's million-dollar shipping empire. Sunny Jim had tried to cash in on the ship-building boom produced by World War I. Unfortunately, he built wooden ships that were obsolete by the end of the war, leaving him deeply in debt and able to stave off bankruptcy only because of the help of bankers and friends. Arch-conservative Herbert Fleishhacker, who headed the Anglo-California Bank, assumed responsibility for restoring Rolph's fortune and also took on a political role as one of his principal advisers. The impact of both physical and financial collapse left Rolph unprepared to resist the pressures generated by the nation's swing to the right after the armistice.

Labor, in particular, had become suspect during the war, and radical leaders like socialist Eugene V. Debs and Industrial Workers of the World founder "Big Bill" Haywood were jailed for sedition. When 1919 produced a million men on strike and a general strike in Seattle, many Americans feared the day of class revolution had come. In San Francisco a dock strike that same year added to the hysteria and produced California's Criminal Syndicalism Law, which would be an effective union-busting tool for a decade. Rolph, always sensitive to the public mood, found his city anxious to be done with the radicals. Businessmen like Fleishhacker seemed to possess the restraint needed to restore peace, and Rolph was ready to oblige when President Harding appealed for "less government in business and more business in government."

This attitude contributed to a change in the conditions which had once given San Francisco the reputation for being a good union town. In the summer of 1921, the Chamber of Commerce formed the Industrial Association of San Francisco to enforce "the American Plan," an open-shop system supported by the National Association of Manufacturers. A series of strikes were defeated, resulting in the replacement of the International Longshoremen's Association with a company union and the destruction of the power of the Building Trades Council and its president, P. H. McCarthy, a former mayor, who had dominated the city's labor relations for twenty years. The Industrial Association introduced a permit system in which materials were withheld from firms that "discriminated against non-union men" and established an "Impartial Wage Board" headed by Catholic Archbishop Hanna that dictated wages throughout the decade. As union membership declined dramatically, labor leaders appealed to Rolph, but the mayor held firm to an earlier desire that "irrespective of my own union labor sympathies, I am desirous above all

Below: Appropriately costumed and wearing a smile, "Sunny Jim" Rolph seldom missed a civic occasion during his nineteen years as mayor of San Francisco.

COLLECTION OF THE CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES

COLLECTION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO HISTORY ROOM, SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

else, to avoid having this administration drawn into industrial disputes."

IT IS MORE ACCURATE to say that Sunny Jim did not wish his mayoralty to be troubled by disputes of any kind. Reform had been one thing when a consensus supported it at the height of the Progressive era, but it was quite another when it interjected contentiousness into the boom of the twenties. During his first term as mayor, Rolph had seen "too many hostile elements arrayed against each other." The map of San Francisco contained "too many dividing lines," and there were "too many small and local interests at work against the interests of the entire city." Thus, he had pledged to "unite, not divide, the People," and from that point on, his administration had made municipal harmony its number one priority. Always a man of popular tastes, Rolph believed a leader should be "wise enough to point in the direction the people can follow. He has to sense their will and express it for them." Sunny Jim sensed that San Franciscans in 1920 had had enough of moral crusades and social reform; they were eager for a good time, and he would see that they had one.

To a political leader less in tune with the will of the people or more fastidious in observing the law, the Eighteenth Amendment might have presented a nearly insurmountable problem. Political satirist Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley commented that with the advent of prohibition, "A states man wud no more be seen goin' into a saloon then he wid into a meetin' in th' Anti-Semitic league." But Warren G. Harding, a man in no danger of being mistaken for a statesman, announced, "I do not approach this question from a moral viewpoint, because I am unable to see it as a great moral question." Neither could San Francisco with its tradition of fashionable French restaurants offering considerably more than *haute cuisine* in private suites on the upper floors, the notorious Barbary Coast, and one saloon for every ninety inhabitants. Residents were not anxious to relinquish their reputation as the most light-hearted, charmingly hedonistic city in America. A campaign of clergymen during World War I had seemed to eliminate the worst abuses of the Barbary Coast, but the *News* reassured the citizens, "The Barbary Coast isn't dead; it's just scattered." Laws to reform public morals were resoundingly rejected in San Francisco. A referendum on the Red Light Abatement Act was defeated 63,039 to 38,527, and prohibition was opposed by 104,817 San Franciscans and supported by only 22,024. When prohibition went into effect over their opposition, members of the board of supervisors passed a 1921 resolution reprimanding two police captains for enforcing it and a 1926 resolution opposing the use of city police "on any basis" to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. It was clear, as prominent San Francisco Attorney J. W. "Jake" Erlich explained, that "San Francisco had convinced itself that vice was a necessary evil. There were many . . . who weren't nearly as convinced it was evil as they were that it was necessary."

Sunny Jim, an earthy man himself, seemed to agree. Everyone knew he remained wet throughout prohibition. A

COLLECTION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO HISTORY ROOM, SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

COLLECTION OF THE CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES

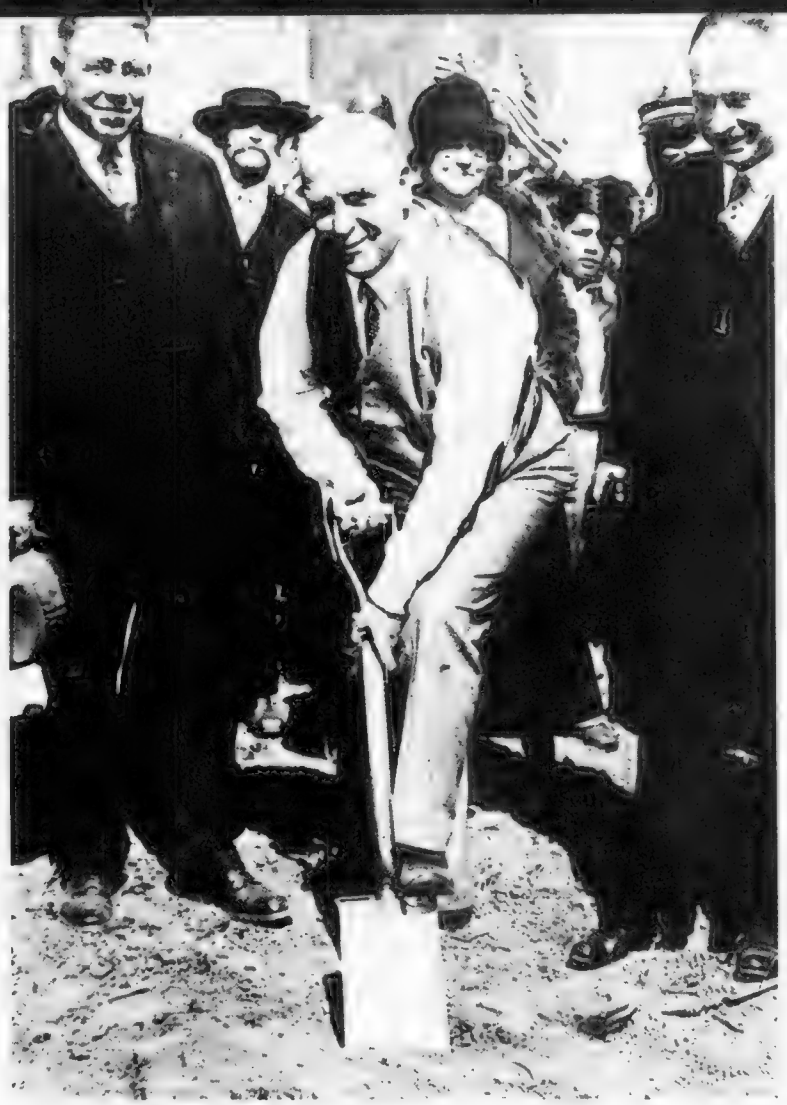
BOTH PAGES: COLLECTION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO HISTORY ROOM, SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Above: With a remarkable memory for names and faces, Rolph was one of the most popular men of his era until the problems of the Great Depression overwhelmed him.

reporter noted that he was so drunk during one parade that he fell off his horse. Some went so far as to charge that he was an alcoholic, but aides denied it, although they admitted he liked his scotch. The mayor was well acquainted with the madams of the city's leading bordellos. Each year he led the Grand March at the Policemen's Ball on the arm of successful madam Tessie Wall, who was repeatedly elected queen of the ball. Sally Stanford, one of Tessie's successors, was a guest at the house Rolph maintained to entertain important visitors and friends. Sunny Jim's prowess as a ladies' man was legendary. It once reportedly caused political adviser Gavin McNab to comment, "This man is wasting his God-given gifts taking any time out at all from these duties to perform as Mayor."

These predilections, an increasingly conservative and morally lax national mood, conflict between local custom and federal law, and the enervating pressures of his own physical and financial deterioration contributed to a series of municipal scandals during Rolph's second decade as mayor. Some problems resulted from Sunny Jim's conviction that "eliminating of human weakness" was impossible, and the city's responsibility was in "controlling and regulating vice." This belief produced what amounted to a system of extra-legal "franchises" to operate gambling, prostitution, and illegal liquor businesses administered by the police under the control of a remarkable individual named Peter P. McDonough. McDonough, a bail bond broker and saloon-keeper, was described in nearly annual newspaper exposés as the "King of the Tenderloin" and the "Fountainhead of Corruption" in San Francisco. McDonough was charged with court fixing and bribery of various public officials but was convicted merely of bootlegging in 1923. On that occasion Sunny Jim joined a group which included a virtual Who's Who in San Francisco politics in signing a document which petitioned President Coolidge to pardon McDonough. The mayor's ability to distinguish right from wrong was further impugned when he turned over power from the city's Hetch Hetchy Water Project to Pacific Gas and Electric Company; both Hearst's *Examiner* and Scripps's *News* reported a bribe and named an amount, but no formal charges were ever brought.

These scandals may have been diverting to the populace, but they were never damaging to Rolph. Times were flush, and as far as San Franciscans were concerned, a leading newspaperman reported, Sunny Jim could "go on being mayor as long as he liked." During the twenties port tonnage doubled, the city profited from half the state's wholesale trade and half the retail sales in the nine Bay Area counties, building permits remained at $50 to $60 million per year, and skyscrapers like the Mills Tower and the Russ, Sutter, and Telephone buildings began to dot the skyline. The era's unparalleled nationwide prosperity combined with what some called a revolution in manners and morals to produce a new kind of public figure—Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Flo Ziegfeld, Rudolph Valentino, and New York Mayor Jimmy Walker—whose fame and popularity



rested on flair and style as much as on substance. The ubiquitous and dashing Rolph, with a propensity for publicity and a remarkable memory for names and faces which made him seem like a personal friend to thousands of voters, was the ideal type for elevation to the new celebrity status. As Sunny Jim hummed "Smiles," his favorite song, the people happily returned him to office by ever increasing margins. Rolph's fifth mayoral victory prompted Will Rogers to quip, "Heck, that ain't an election. He's a hereditary mayor!"

BUT SUNNY JIM in 1930 renounced his seignorial right to occupy city hall so he could move to the governor's mansion, where he hoped to give California the same kind of administration San Francisco had prospered under for nearly two decades. He told an inaugural crowd seeking relief from the depression, "All California needs right now to bring about recovery is a spirit of confidence and quick response to courageous leadership," which would, he assured them, produce a "unity that would fill the state with smiles."

But the depression, unlike the problems Rolph had faced as mayor, was neither limited to a discontented few nor temporary in its nature. The state's manufacturing declined $150 million, farm revenue fell from $750 to $327 million annually, the oil industry produced a 200,000 barrel surplus daily, and a million people, 20 percent of the state's population, were on relief. Rolph, whose approach to politics had always rested upon a foundation of prosperity and optimism, was told by a state commission studying the unemployed, "There is no security, no foothold, no future to sustain them." No grand gesture could make such problems vanish. Sunny Jim, a man of limited intellectual capacity whom *Chronicle* editor Paul C. Smith had once called "an amiable Republican knucklehead," was overwhelmed by the magnitude and complexity of the state's problems.

Within two years of his election as governor, Rolph had alienated small wage earners by vetoing a state income tax but approving a 2.5 percent sales tax sarcastically referred to as "Pennies for Sunny Jim." He demoralized the state civil service when he announced, "If there isn't a Rolph man qualified for the job, then I'm in favor of abolishing the job." His agricultural policy prompted a drive to recall the governor, while the state senate investigated his personal expenses because, two journalists reported, "Sunny Jim Rolph spent the state's money like a drunken sailor." The coup de grace came when the governor encouraged, then condoned, the lynching of two confessed kidnappers in San Jose, explaining that the lynchers "provided more expeditious justice than the state could supply through the courts."

Unable to cope with the crisis, Sunny Jim retreated to a more congenial world filled with fiestas and parades, saying wistfully, "I wish I would have been governor in Governor Young's years [1926–1930]. I'd have shown them how to entertain." However, the governor's failure to confront the problems of the depression and the charges of corrup-

Continued on page 61

Views of Mormon Country

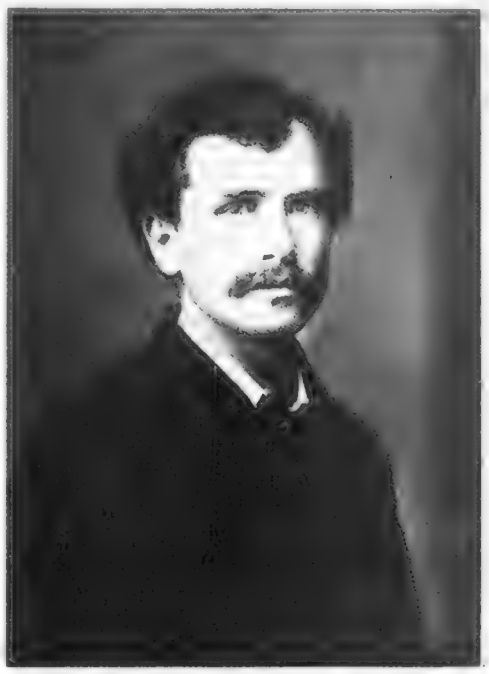
The Life and Photographs of George Edward Anderson

by Rell G. Francis

LANTED STRAWBERRIES THIS MORN," wrote Mormon bishop and photographer George Edward Anderson in his pocket-size diary. "At the Gallery, then to the depot and concluded to go to Scofield and get views of the . . ." The impulsive Utah photographer never had time to finish his entry that mournful May day in 1900, but the dozens of incredible photographs he produced in the days that followed dramatically recorded the grim aftermath of one of the worst mine disasters in the history of the American West—a disaster that snuffed out the lives of nearly two hundred coal miners in a tunnel explosion at Winter Quarters, a small alpine village adjoining Scofield, Utah. Published in newspapers and books, these early examples of photojournalism demonstrated that Anderson was no ordinary photographer.

Chronicling life rather than death was Anderson's real talent, however, and the inalterable desire of his heart was to record the history of the Mormon church in pictures, an obsession that would eventually estrange him from his family and preclude financial success. When he died in near-poverty in 1928, Anderson was known to many of his fellow townspeople as an oddity and a failure. Two decades later he was almost completely forgotten.

How could his life, like the matchless photographs he produced, be laid aside so easily? Was his restless quest merely an eccentric personal dream, or did his society fail to appreciate aesthetic and historical values? One of his contemporaries admitted that most photographers "were in the business for money; Anderson was in it for art and history. That was his failure."



GEORGE EDWARD ANDERSON, ABOUT AGE TWENTY-FOUR

George Edward Anderson was born October 28, 1860, in Salt Lake City to George and Mary Ann Thorne Anderson, Mormon converts from Scotland and England who had crossed the Great Plains in a covered wagon in 1855. The eldest of nine children, George Ed, as he was commonly called, followed his father's vocation as herdsman for the city while attending elementary school briefly during the winter months.

In his teen-age years, George Ed became an apprentice to Charles R. Savage, the territory's most prestigious photographer, who had been on hand in 1869 to document the driving of the final spike linking the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads at Promontory Point, Utah. Savage's Art Bazar studio in downtown Salt Lake City employed some of Utah's best known landscape artists, including George Ottinger, Alfred Lambourne, and John Hafen. Under the influence of these talented painters, Anderson mastered principles of art, knowledge of light and shadow, and scientific techniques of photography.

At the tender age of seventeen, George Ed set up his own portrait studio in Salt Lake City. Assisted by his younger brothers, Stanley and Adam, the ambitious youth sold ambrotypes, tintypes, and prints made from the cumbersome wet plates commonly in use at that time. Since the upstairs shop did not have running water, the developed plates and prints had to be carried up Main Street and washed in City Creek.

Within two years, George Ed had won first place in the tintype photography category at the territorial fair of 1879. About this same time, George Eastman commercially introduced the gelatin-coated, glass-plate film commonly called the "dry plate." This convenient product revolutionized the photo industry and made it highly competitive. Quick to adopt new ideas, Anderson is said to have been the first in Utah to use the dry plates for portrait purposes. He devised portable studio vans and tent galleries and began to travel extensively through small southern Utah communities, taking photographs of common folk in their natural environment. With the aid of his brothers and his artist friend, Hafen, Ed Anderson established branch tent-studios at Springville, Manti, and Nephi.

In 1886 at Manti, Utah, where the Mormon church was building an impressive temple, Anderson established a more permanent studio known as the Temple Bazar, which advertised "Enlargements, Frames, Albums and Views; Books, Stationery and Fancy Notions." But small merchandise and portraits were not Anderson's main interest, for his "fancy notions" had begun to include historical subjects and Mormon themes. Nearly fifty glass-plate negatives showing the construction of the Manti temple from 1886 to 1888 are evidence of this preoccupation.

At Manti, George Ed also took a special interest in one of the pretty sitters at his portrait studio and soon fell in love with Olive Lowry, an intelligent, highly religious

"The Utah Photographs of George Edward Anderson," a major exhibition prepared by Rell G. Francis and the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth, Texas, will be showing at the Amon Carter Museum from December 8, 1978 through January 21, 1979. The exhibition will also tour other western museums during 1979.

The article on these pages is based on the author's research for his book The Utah Photographs of George Edward Anderson, *scheduled for publication by the Amon Carter Museum and the University of Nebraska Press in the fall of 1979.*

UNLESS OTHERWISE CREDITED, ALL G. E. ANDERSON PHOTOGRAPHS ARE FROM THE COLLECTION OF RELL G. FRANCIS, HERITAGE PRINTS, SPRINGVILLE, UTAH

young woman who had just returned from a year of schooling at the University of Utah. The following year, in May 1888, George Ed and Olive were the second couple to be married in the newly completed Manti temple. Later that fall, Anderson sold his Manti studio and moved his bride to Springville, Utah, where he purchased a home and farm in a pastoral setting on the banks of Hobble Creek at the base of the towering Wasatch Mountains. Shortly afterward he formed a partnership with businessman Lucian D. Crandall and in 1892 established a permanent portrait studio in Springville. Unfortunately, the nation-wide financial panic of 1893 dashed Anderson's hopes for success. Crandall soon pulled out of the partnership and sold his share to Anderson, who was forced to resume his traveling gallery in order to survive. Heavily in debt and away from home much of the time, George Ed decided to move his wife and young daughters, Eva and Edda, into the portrait studio, where Olive set up housekeeping and assisted him in the business.

Specific information about Anderson's travels, work methods, and aspirations is revealed in the diaries he began keeping in 1895. After several false beginnings, he records:

Started this journal early in this year and have neglected to write regularly, many times thinking I did not have time. Have felt for years that I should keep a record of my life and at various times have done so but have allowed months and even years to go by without doing anything in this line. . . . One other reason I have for keeping a record is that I believe where a person has a desire to do right and at regular intervals jots down the thoughts, desires, emotions and events of their life, it gives them strength and acts as a reminder of their good resolutions and brings vividly before them the mistakes of life, and the necessity of being more careful in the future.

Anderson's diaries, covering nearly twenty-five years, describe routine secular and church duties, and show a predilection for self-criticism. Occasional notations of hourly trivia reveal a goal-oriented individual driven to a strict accounting of his time. So full are his days that there seems to have been little opportunity for personal indulgence, let alone diary writing.

IT WAS PHOTOGRAPHER ANDERSON'S custom to travel by horse and buggy to remote southern Utah villages where there was still a demand for his services. Occasionally his photographic equipment and supplies were more conveniently sent by train and stored at a central village between periodic visits. In processing photographs during these trips, he used minimal equipment and simplified techniques. He usually contact-printed his negatives by sunlight using printing-out paper that produced direct images that could be easily toned with gold chloride. However, he found it more efficient to ship negatives to his Springville studio where an assistant made the finished prints.

He stayed as long as two weeks in a town if he "had a good run," but often his visits lasted only a day when conditions proved unfavorable for sales, or a gusty wind threatened to damage the tent gallery. Town officials kindly consented to give notice of his arrival, but this announcement was often superfluous, for children eagerly spread the word when Anderson's Photo Gallery was in town. His reputation occasionally produced a welcome not unlike that reserved for a circus troupe. "The Band out and gave us several tunes before we made their picture," Anderson noted of one such reception.

The handsome, curly-headed photographer was always at home with these hospitable country folk. They would provide him with lodging, loan him a horse and buggy, or allow him to use their cellar or kitchen to develop his negatives—services often given without cost or traded for photographs. Anderson consistently took part in their church meetings and socials, and on short notice would preach a sermon, teach a Sunday School class, or make a comic speech in a put-on Danish accent.

Every year in late summer Anderson gleaned the farm towns for trade, knowing that farmers were most inclined to buy photographs after harvesting their crops. During the winter months, he found it more profitable to move his gallery operations to the mining camps where payroll income was more stable. He timed such visits to coincide with the miners' pay day, notwithstanding the frigid weather that hampered his efforts. But collecting money was his greatest obstacle as his diary entries show:

Delivered Gudmundsen picture. Poor man is going blind and there is a lady who is sick in bed all winter. They have had the money laid away for me all winter. I could not feel like taking it all so gave the lady . . . $3 back. Poor soul, she sat down and cried, said they were too poor to see if doctor could do anything for his eyes.

Another entry reads:

I must mention that a dispute arose between myself and a customer, . . . and while I think I was justified in asking her for the price of $5.50 for pictures, I think I should have made no words about it but let her have her way in the matter and thus preserved good feelings. I find that financial embarrassments, etc., have worried me so that I do not have the control of myself I should.

Despite such problems, Anderson's business prospered during the late 1890s. In his photographic journeys to southern Utah, he produced thousands of portraits as well as vivid pictures of rural industry, civic activities, and community celebrations. One element dominated: people were the center of interest in all these composi-

Opposite: Brockbank Family Children

SPANISH FORK, UTAH, 1888 A TYPICAL PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN ANDERSON'S PORTABLE TENT GALLERY.

The Ether Blanchard Family

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, 1902

YOUNG CHARLES BLANCHARD, AT LEFT, CONSTRUCTED HIS HARP FROM A BICYCLE FRAME

Wheeler & Child, Undertakers & Marble Workers

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, 1888

TWO OF THE MARKERS SHOWN WERE CARVED BY THOMAS CHILD (RIGHT) FOR HIS OWN CHILDREN, WHO HAD DIED IN INFANCY.

Jex & Sons Broom Factory

SPANISH FORK, UTAH, 1896

THE COCKATOO (RIGHT CENTER) CAME FROM NEW ZEALAND, WHERE ONE OF THE JEX SONS HAD EARLIER SERVED ON A CHURCH MISSION.

Anderson's Damaged Tent Gallery

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, 1893

ANDERSON'S FATHER (STANDING) AND OTHER ASSISTANTS TAKE THEIR WINDSTORM-CAUSED MISFORTUNE WITH GOOD HUMOR.

tions. Anderson liked people, and his rapport with them is demonstrated by the natural, at-ease poses they assumed when he photographed them.

Although the selection of photographs in these pages represents a wide variety of Anderson's subjects, it should be recognized that nearly two-thirds of his total output of approximately forty thousand photographs are studio portraits; hundreds of old family albums found in Utah homes today boast one or more examples of Anderson's craft.

Undoubtedly Anderson, who kept abreast of national events and photographic trends, was aware of the controversy between the pictorialists and the documentarians, but his single-minded efforts to record regional events and subjects kept him largely isolated from either view. A sharply focused subject was consistently more important to him than the arty representations of the pictorialists, who strove to imitate painting in their work. Yet his apt renditions of the commonplace contain poetic qualities that raise his work far above mere factual reporting. Unlike the early expeditionary photographers O'Sullivan, Hillers, and Jackson, who were employed to capture the scenic grandeur of the Utah territory, Anderson never strayed far from his religious or genre subjects to record the natural landscape even though he admired the beauty of his western land.

BY THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, the energetic photographer was at last out of debt. On February 17, 1900 he recorded in his diary:

Today I deposited enough in the bank to enable me to issue a check on $100.00 which payed off all the indebtedness I commenced to try to work off in 1894, Feb. 16 . . . this date I pitched my tent in Scofield with the object of trying to overcome this debt of over $3000. . . . It is a great load lifted from our shoulders and I feel to rejoice and give thanks to my Heavenly Father for He has greatly blest us. My wife has indeed been a help to me and with me keenly feels how wonderfully we have been blest.

In her brief writings, Olive expressed similar gratitude and concluded, "We have been willing that Ed should go on a mission or work in any direction that the Lord desired him to when we were out of debt."

The following day, George Edward Anderson accepted a new challenge when he was ordained a Mormon bishop of the Springville Second Ward. His own plans to build a new studio were put aside, and he immediately organized his counselors and ward members (congregation) for the task of erecting a new chapel. The duties of this unpaid calling were overwhelming. As the spiritual leader of nearly one hundred families, Bishop Anderson had to conduct church meetings and funerals, pray for the sick, distribute food to the poor, solicit funds and organize workers for the new meeting house, arbitrate family problems, perform marriages, and engage in countless other time-consuming jobs that kept him from his business.

Bishop Anderson, a small-framed man always in a hurry, attempted to accomplish such a mountain of tasks that his health was impaired. Exhausted by his demanding schedule, he often slept in the gallery after completing some late-evening photographic order that he had not had time for during the day. New photo assignments also continued to come his way. He furnished the bulk of the photographs for a history book on Springville, accepted on-call assignments from the Rio Grande Railway to document important construction projects, and saw his photographs of the Scofield Mine disaster appear in several publications. "The Bishop would rather take pictures than a square meal," a local reporter observed.

Anderson continued to serve as bishop for four years. During this period he experienced renewed debt as well as problems with his wife, employees, and counselors. A perfectionist, he was seldom pleased with the efforts of his associates. Conscious of this fault, he admitted, "I antagonize them by the way I approach them."

Upon his release from the bishopric in 1904, Anderson directed feverish efforts to completing a new studio, the G. E. Anderson Art Bazar, which the *Springville Independent* described as the "largest and most complete establishment of this nature in the state of Utah." But the pretentious building was a mere facade of financial success; for when Anderson's long-time employees left him to become his competitors, offering innovative services at reduced prices, his hopes turned to ashes. A neighbor, Eva Maesar Crandall, made this appraisal of his dilemma:

The studio was his dream. It was to be equipped for finishing and framing pictures from his negatives. He was a lover of history, had a wonderful memory, loved his country, his church, his friends. He longed to preserve in pictures the people, places, and events of historical value. And he preserved many. Like all artists his art was paramount. The remuneration was scarcely given a thought. The studio could not be built with dreams. The family could not be clothed and fed on unpaid bills for pictures he had made. Days of financial difficulties were obstacles Olive had to surmount. Needless to say, Ed Anderson felt frustrated when his dreams and hard work did not bring material aid to him and his family. Still, his faith in his dreams of the value of his pictures never failed him. In spite of discouragement, he went from day to day making negatives—often getting nothing but "negatives."

Consequently Olive became the stable breadwinner of the family, which now included a son, George Lowry, born in 1903. With her father and neighbors, she started up a small commercial cannery in 1905. The following

Opposite: James Walker, Town Barber

MOUNT PLEASANT, UTAH, CIRCA 1892 MR. WALKER'S CUSTOMER HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS PARLEY P. FULLMER

First Train to Richfield

RICHFIELD, UTAH, 1896

ANDERSON WAS ON HAND TO RECORD THE JUBILANT INAUGURATION OF RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILWAY PASSENGER SERVICE TO THIS AREA

Bromley Threshing Crew

AMERICAN FORK, UTAH, CIRCA 1904

FARMER NIELS CHRISTENSEN SUPERVISES OPERATIONS FROM ATOP THE THRESHER (CENTER)

Burial Services at Scofield Cemetery

SCOFIELD, UTAH, 1900

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY VICTIMS OF THE SCOFIELD MINE DISASTER WERE LAID TO REST IN THIS ROCKY HILLSIDE GRAVESITE

COURTESY OF THE LDS CHURCH HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

Building Coke Ovens

SUNNYSIDE, UTAH, 1902

EVENTUALLY OVER 800 SUCH BEEHIVE OVENS WERE PLACED IN OPERATION AT THIS MAJOR COAL-MINING COMPANY.

year George Ed was called by the church to serve a mission in England, an appointment that the devout Mormon and his wife accepted willingly despite their financial plight.

When Anderson boarded an eastbound train in April 1907, for all intents and purposes he was on his way to England. Months later, however, he was still in the United States, absorbed in taking pictures of historic Mormon landmarks in Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Vermont. Sometimes traveling on foot, he lugged his heavy 8 x 10 view camera many miles a day to document such historic sites as the Sacred Grove and Hill Cumorah near Palmyra, New York. He traversed the wooded countryside and grain-ripened fields, often sleeping outdoors with only his camera cloth for covering, seeking the most appropriate views of the places where Joseph Smith claimed to have received his first vision and the golden plates. In the past Anderson had rarely recorded in his diaries any concern for composition, technique, or aesthetics, for he seemed to take these early-acquired skills for granted. But now his meditative thoughts came to the surface. "Would like to get the views I can see in my mind's eye," he wrote. "Could not get the effect of light and shade I wished. Need painter's hand to fix colors to do it justice."

In the spring of 1908, after Anderson had completed his photo documentation and sailed to England, his pictures of church landmarks in Vermont were featured in the *Boston Sunday Globe*. The accompanying article made no mention of Anderson's name but predicted that his pictures would "make a record in photography to be handed down through generation after generation of Mormon believers, as the illuminated pictures of the pious monks were handed down in the earlier days of Christianity."

The following year the Mormon church itself published Anderson's photos in a beautifully illustrated booklet, *The Birth of Mormonism in Picture*. The foreword of the booklet declared the church's "intention to publish view books on later periods in the history of the Church, so that in the end this 'marvelous work and a wonder' shall have been presented in a full pictorial series from the birth of its first prophet to the present time." Undoubtedly this encouraging announcement, which seemed to assure Anderson of future work and a career suited to his high aspirations, motivated him to make additional historic views.

There is no evidence that Anderson received any compensation from the church for his documentary efforts. Like other Mormon elders, he was expected to finance himself on the mission (usually lasting two years). To earn funds he made portraits of missionaries, and produced photo postcards and visual aids for proselyting. Aided by his photographs and copies of the *Birth of Mormonism in Picture,* Anderson easily engaged prospective converts in gospel conversations. So effective were his efforts that he was encouraged to remain in England an additional year and a half. He continued to proselyte, engaged in genealogical research, and made lantern slides of church pictures for lectures "to help me accomplish the work of removing prejudice that is with the people." His obsession also led him to Preston, England, to photograph the River Ribble, where the first Mormon converts had been baptized in 1837.

WHEN ANDERSON FINALLY SAILED to America in 1911, he did not return directly to his home in Utah as his family expected but spent an additional two years photographing Mormon church sites in the vicinity of South Royalton, Vermont, where Joseph Smith had been born.

Anderson's seven-year mission ended when he returned to Springville in November 1913. Almost a stranger to his family, the restless wanderer attempted to patch up family ties and resurrect his studio practice, but the transition to home life proved difficult. Committed to public service and concerned with the "fatherless and widows," he continued to neglect the needs of his own wife and children, who desperately needed this same attention. The wounds never healed.

Buying a new tent gallery, Anderson again canvased the small towns for business, but his methods were now antiquated and ineffective. Living in near poverty, he began to depend upon his associates for a ride to the next town, a bed to sleep in, and film for his camera. While traveling in Sanpete County he recorded, "No light at hotel so I slept on hay in shed behind Co-op . . . found a good place to take a bath in willows."

He was successful, however, in selling many of the *Birth of Mormonism* booklets wherever he traveled. He advertised these and other church books in his studio and offered one of his church history pictures as a bonus gift for each regular portrait sitting. His enthusiasm for these subjects and the constant hope that the church would commission him to make other view books undoubtedly kept him from modernizing his studio methods.

Anderson's day-by-day activities during these post-mission years could very well be reconstructed by reference to the meticulous documentation he enscribed on the edges of his glass negatives. Subjects—celebrations, school groups, old-folks reunions, family portraits, farm scenes, and industrial development—are all clearly identified, located, and dated. Without such information the contents of these photographs could not be fully understood or appreciated today. Of particular significance is his thorough documentation of the building progress of the Salt Lake and Utah Interurban Railroad and the

Opposite: Springville Women

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, CIRCA 1914 THE LADIES ARE SARAH ANDERSON, NELL STARR, AND IDA ALLEMAN.

Anna Thompson and Friends

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, CIRCA 1898

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR VOLUNTEER AT RIGHT IS PROBABLY BARNEY DOUGALL, UNINJURED IN THE WAR BUT LATER KILLED IN THE SCOFIELD MINE DISASTER

Fred Weight and Bear

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, 1916

THE CUMBERSOME LOG PROP WAS APPARENTLY CARRIED UP THE STUDIO STAIRS ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PORTRAIT

Salina Press Editors

SALINA, UTAH, 1897

ANDERSON LIKELY TRADED THIS PHOTOGRAPH FOR THE GOOD ADVERTISING HE RECEIVED IN THE PAGES OF THE "TIMES."

Mrs. Manwaring and Children

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, 1905

MRS. MANWARING MAILED A COPY OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH TO HER HUSBAND, ALBERT, WHO WAS SERVING ON A CHURCH MISSION IN ENGLAND.

Strawberry Irrigation System in Utah County during 1915 and 1916.

Anderson's estrangement from his wife and family worsened in the early 1920s when the studio was temporarily sold because of delinquent taxes and the canning factory which Olive managed also experienced financial difficulties. Bitter family grievances surfaced when Olive spoke of divorce, and Lowry, their teen-age son, rebelled against his father's strict authority. Such disharmony crushed Anderson's spirit, for it violated his spiritual ideals and questioned his paternal leadership.

When a new LDS temple was completed in Cardston, Alberta, in 1923, Anderson found a natural reason for leaving home. He traveled with church authorities to Canada to photograph the dedication ceremonies of the temple. While there he rented a basement apartment and set up a makeshift darkroom to process photographs of more temple views, church groups, portraits, and scenes of ranches, irrigation systems, national parks, and Indian settlements.

Anderson stayed in Canada in lonely self-exile for nearly two years. His return to Springville was no welcomed homecoming. Attempts to resolve his differences with Olive only uncovered deeper misunderstandings.

In the last two years of his life, Anderson made a concerted effort to make his work known and appreciated. He hitched rides to neighboring towns on Sunday mornings to attend church meetings uninvited, requesting permission to show his church history pictures to congregations. In 1926, in the company of Andrew Jenson, assistant church historian, Anderson retraced the steps of the early pioneers through eastern Utah and Wyoming to photograph Fort Bridger, Independence Rock, Fort Laramie, and other pioneer landmarks. The following summer he returned to the pioneer trail to document the unveiling of an important monument in Echo Canyon near Coalville, Utah.

There was no thought of retirement, no time for vacation, no release from his demanding work. Though some interpreted his behavior as irresponsible, Anderson was actually the unwitting victim of his own high aspirations. His quest to document church subjects as beautifully as possible was a demanding mistress that continued to produce bitterness for his wife and family. If church leaders had only employed him to record the ongoing events of the church, his dreams would have been fulfilled, his worth appreciated.

GEORGE EDWARD ANDERSON, ABOUT AGE FIFTY-THREE

By the fall of 1927 the sixty-seven-year-old photographer was seriously ill, but he nevertheless insisted on catching a ride with church officials to Arizona to document the dedication of the Mesa temple. Again he stayed on for several months after the dedication to get better pictures of the temple landscaped with spring flowers as well as other subjects in the area. Failing health also kept him from returning home. "Most of the time in and out of bed," he recorded. "Tried walking on hands and knees. Exertion. Had to lay over on my side, strength gone."

On May 9, 1928, shortly after he was brought home from Arizona, George Edward Anderson died. His funeral was conducted in the church house that had been built while he was bishop. Among the many tributes were these words by Eva Maesar Crandall, his friend and neighbor: "The ground he traveled was hallowed to him. I can almost hear him say, 'I must have a picture of this sacred spot. . . . When I return all will be changed. Some of these old landmarks will be obliterated. Who will see them as I see them now?"

Today Anderson's images live on to provide us with a fresh look at the past. The uniqueness of his pictures is not confined to their clarity of detail, artistic composition, or technical excellence—qualities common to many vintage photographs—but includes their timely regard for the ordinary events of human life that are now a part of history. They exist for us because George Ed Anderson was there. He had little practical or monetary reason for making many of these exposures, but some impelling force caused him to stop, set up his cumbersome camera, and record life-telling images. Recently his work—featured in several publications and in exhibits at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art—has been acclaimed as a "discovery" and a "fabulous collection of photographic Americana." But the real treasure is as much the man himself, a committed artist with farsighted ideas and ideals, who was in the photography business for the love of art and history. Surely, this, too, was his success. **AW**

Rell G. Francis *of Springville, Utah, has put aside his career as an art teacher and free-lance photographer to revive the reputations of two forgotten Springville artists—George Ed Anderson and sculptor Cyrus E. Dallin (1861–1944) with recent exhibitions and publications. In 1972, while searching for photographs of Dallin, Francis came into possession of nearly 10,000 Anderson negatives. He is currently reindexing and cataloging these negatives and supplying historians and genealogy patrons with prints.*

Opposite: Mr. and Mrs. Philo Dibble

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, CIRCA 1890 A MORMON PIONEER, MR. DIBBLE HAD ONCE SERVED AS A BODYGUARD TO THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

by James P. Degnan

ONE BLAZING JULY DAY in the late nineteenth century, a bizarre sight appeared on the dry, treeless plains of California's southern San Joaquin Valley. It was a man, seated in an easy chair, in a rowboat perched atop a mule-drawn wagon. Hour after hour, mile after mile, in heat so intense that the touch of metal blistered the hand, the man, dressed as always like a preacher—in a black suit, black hat, black tie, and white starched shirt—traversed the empty plains, pausing occasionally to write in a notebook.

The man, thick set with piercing blue eyes and a close-cropped beard, was land and cattle tycoon Henry Miller, and that day in the furnace heat of San Joaquin Valley, he was doing what he loved best: adding thousands of acres to his already vast land empire, an empire that by the 1890s consisted of over twenty-two thousand square miles in California, Oregon, and Nevada.

For Miller, acquiring land by hook or by crook was an absolute obsession, and that July day he was acquiring it by crook. Federal law permitted individuals to obtain government-owned swamp land, defined as land under water and passable only by boat, if they agreed to reclaim it. Though the great tract of land Miller coveted was dust dry, he had found a way to circumvent the law by crossing the tract in his rowboat-in-a-wagon, mapping as he went. Later he claimed the land, sending the government his map of the region and a sworn statement that he had covered the area in a boat. His claim was honored.

Born Heinrich Kreiser in Germany in 1827, young Miller emigrated to America, changed his name, and during the gold rush headed for San Francisco, arriving with barely six dollars in his pocket. The son of a butcher and an expert butcher himself, he resumed his trade and soon owned a thriving shop. In the rapidly expanding San Francisco of the early 1850s, the demand for native beef far exceeded the supply, and Miller, perceiving that the man who controlled that supply controlled the San Francisco market, set out on what became his lifetime mission: to acquire or control every decent piece of ranchland anywhere near the San Francisco market. And this he did with a vengeance.

Before long, Miller had acquired his first ranch, some nine thousand acres in the San Joaquin Valley, purchased for just over a dollar an acre. Soon after, he added seventy thousand adjacent acres and was on his way to building the biggest land and cattle empire in the world.

A humorless man who neither drank nor smoked, Miller poured all his energy into his empire. He liked to boast that his workday was twenty-four hours long: "If I finish before 24 hours is over, I sleep; otherwise I go on working," he stated. So obsessed was Miller that he even resented taking time off to eat. "I have wished many times," he said, "that I could do without eating altogether."

Miller's aversion to eating can perhaps be attributed as much to his parsimony as his industry, for he was also one of the most miserly of men. He insisted that his ranch cooks boil potatoes in their jackets because the skins could be peeled thinner after they were cooked, and he would fly into a rage if one of his cooks gave him a full cup of coffee when he had asked for only half. At the zenith of his career, one of the richest men on earth, Miller could be found writing an angry letter to one of his ranch foremen, denouncing the man for using two cats for mousing when one would do. "You don't need more than one cat . . . so send the other to the Midway Ranch," he ordered.

Miller demanded absolute control over his empire, and he devised various ways of keeping underlings—from the hoboes who served him as migrant laborers to his top foremen—in their place. "Never let tramps eat with the other men," he ordered his cooks. "Make them wait until the other men are through, and then make them eat off the same plates." This practice made the route through Miller's empire notorious to generations of hoboes as "the Dirty Plate Route." As for Miller's foremen, when Miller rode, as he constantly did, from ranch to ranch checking on efficiency, he would stop to rest at one of their homes. "Here," Miller's fawning biographer Edward Treadwell tells us, "it was one of the pleasant duties of every foreman's wife" to pull "the boots from Miller's tired feet."

Miller's critics were fond of saying that what he couldn't steal for himself, he paid the courts to steal for him. While there is little firm evidence that Miller actually bribed judges, he was the unlikely victor in a number of major lawsuits, the most famous of which involved persuading the California Supreme Court to declare that the law of riparian rights—the doctrine that water from a stream belongs only to the landowners along that stream—prevailed in California. Part of English common law, the doctrine made sense in England, where irrigation was no problem, but no sense in arid California, where land without irrigation was worthless. The decision meant that Miller, who for years had bought up land along the major San Joaquin Valley streams, could legally cut off his neighbors' water supply, forcing many to sell out to him for a pittance.

In 1916 at age eighty-nine, ensconced in his grand San Francisco mansion, Henry Miller died, reluctantly letting loose the reins to an empire bigger than the kingdom of Belgium, a domain so large that he had liked to boast that he could drive his cattle from Oregon to Mexico without ever having to pasture them on another man's land. **AW**

James P. Degnan, *professor of English at the University of Santa Clara, has written for* Atlantic, Esquire, *and other magazines.*

RANCHER AND FORMER BUTCHER HENRY MILLER CARVES MEAT DURING A 1904 MAY DAY [illegible] AT HIS CANAL FARM HEADQUARTERS. COLLECTION OF THE MILLIKEN MUSEUM, LOS BANOS, CALIFORNIA

...Bring Cats!

A Feline History of the West

by Reginald Bretnor

WHEN MY MOTHER WAS A GIRL—she was born in 1875, so that will tell you how long ago it was—her family physician in the English village of Kenninghall, in Norfolk, was a Dr. Wilson, who always wore a top hat when he made house calls. This he would ostentatiously place upside down on the hall table, so that all could see the bit of doggerel pasted in its crown:

God and the doctor
All men adore
When sickness comes
And not before.

With strength returned
And health requited
God is forgotten
And the doctor slighted.

To some extent, we can say say the same of cats—for many people do not appreciate them except when they are needed, while others deny that there is ever any use for them at all. In light of these views, it is especially interesting to read the history of the settlement of the two Americas, where prior to the arrival of Europeans, there were neither domestic cats nor their natural prey, the common Norway and black rats of the Old World—which soon enough were to become the most numerous and destructive rats in the New World as well. Various species of mice were, however, native to the Americas.

The westward movement, first from Europe across the sea, then inland and across the continents, was a mighty one, and like all great surges of humanity it was unplanned, disorderly, and more often than not only haphazardly recorded. To most of the men and women who took part in the adventure of conquest and colonization, cats (and even rats) did not seem important, not by comparison with Indians threatening the wagon train, fever aboard ship, or the gold at the end of the rainbow. Therefore, we do not know precisely when the first cats and common rats came to the Western Hemisphere, but unless they accompanied the Vikings who left their carved runes and stones in Vinland, the first probably arrived with the earliest Spanish and English explorers. In any case, it is not surprising that most of the early records deal with cats and rats together—the former as man's ally in an unending war against the latter.

To understand the meaning of this war, which is by no means over, we need only consider the havoc for which rats have been responsible through the ages. Rats harbor and transmit more than twenty diseases, including plague, typhus, trichinella spiralis, and rat-bite fever; overall, more people have died from diseases transmitted by rats than from all the wars in history. Rats also destroy enormous quantities of crops, merchandise, poultry and livestock each year.

Of course, early settlers knew little about the transmission of disease by rats, but they were fully aware of their enormous destructiveness, for they had experienced this both in their own countries and aboard ship. They also knew that cats, though they might not be a perfect and final answer to the problem, were at least the most effective one available.

FROM THE BEGINNING of New World settlement, we find a direct correspondence between the scarcity of cats and the value placed upon them. Diego de Almagro, who with Pizarro completed the conquest of Peru, rewarded

"one *Montenegro,* who presented him with the first *Spanish* cat that ever came to the *Indies*," with six hundred pieces of eight, according to Jesuit chronicler Alonso de Ovalle. This sale appears to have occurred in Cuzco, probably in 1535, when Almagro was preparing his own expedition against Chile, and I have found no evidence that any subsequent cat ever commanded a higher price. However, the theme echoes through the centuries whenever, on a frontier, cats were in short supply.

The appreciation of a cat's value was not, of course, always stated in terms of a sale price, as the following entry from John C. Luttig's *Journal of a Fur-Trading Expedition on the Upper Missouri, 1812–1813* testifies: "This morning we left our old she Cat at Camp, at breakfast I missed her, and Mr. Manuel sent a Man for the Cat, he returned in the Evening with the Cat to our great satisfaction this Remark may seem ridiculous, but an Animal of this kind is more valuable in this Country than a fine Horse. Mice are in great Abundance and the Company have lost for want of Cats several Thousand Dollars in Merchandize, which were destroyed at the Bigbellies station, there has not a night passed since our departure from Bellefontaine when I got that Cat, that she has not caught from 4 to 10 Mice and brought them to her Kittens."

Many miles to the west, we learn from Father Pedro Font, in a diary entry for April 9–14, 1776, how necessary cats were in establishing California's prosperous Franciscan missions: "And in a cage we carried cats, two for San Gabriel and two for San Diego, at the request of the fathers, who urgently asked us for them, since they are very welcome there on account of the great abundance of mice."

About the same time, Father Thomas Eixarch, living miserably in a brush hut overrun by rats while proselytizing among the Yuma Indians at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, noted tersely in his diary for the benefit of future missionaries: "Bring cats."

Well before the westward movement was at its height, the Indians began to acquire cats to combat the rats that were invading their land. Maximilian, Prince of Wied, in his *Travels in the Interior of North America, 1832–1834,* told of the invasion of the Plains by brown rats: "There were a few tame cats in the fort, [Fort Clark on the Upper Missouri] but not sufficient to reduce the great numbers of rats. These animals were so numerous and troublesome, that no kind of provision was safe from their voracity; their favorite food was the maize, among which they committed sad havoc; and it was calculated that they daily devoured five bushels, or 250 pounds. There were often from 500 to 800 bushels of this corn in the loft at a time. The rats were brought hither by the American ships; but, as yet, they have not reached the Manitari villages. The Indians killed seven of these creatures in the prairie, which were on their route from Fort Clarke to those villages. No rats have since attempted to visit them, but it is more than probable that they will, ere long, find their way thither."

Another traveler, the Philadelphia naturalist John K. Townsend, who was Maximilian's contemporary, saw cats among the Indians along the Boise River in what is now Idaho: "Early in the morning I strolled into the Snake Camp. . . . Men and little children were lolling about the ground all around the wigwams, together with a heterogeneous assemblance of dogs, cats, some tamed prairie wolves, and other '*varmints*'. The dogs growled and snapped when I approached, the wolves cowered and looked cross, and the cats ran away and hid themselves in dark corners. They had not been accustomed to the face of a white man, and all the quadrupeds seemed to regard me as some monstrous production, more to be feared than loved or courted."

Actually, ten years before Maximilian and Townsend reported cats among the Indians, fur trader and explorer Peter Skene Ogden, writing of a journey that carried him deep into Oregon Country, stated in his *Snake Country Journal* "All along they [cats] are in almost every villiage [*sic*], a dozen of them." Ogden also told of his astonishment at finding a house cat alone in the wilderness. "One of the trappers yesterday saw a domesticated Cat in rather a wild state he endeavored to secure it but in vain I presume it must have come from the Coast . . . but how this one found its way in this distant quarter for all the Indians still persist in asserting they know nothing of the Sea nor ever heard of such a place I am at a loss to say at all events he must certainly lead a solitary life and depend on his own industry for his support but field mice are numerous . . . they must be for the Racoons are very fat."

Cats are not natural travelers, however, and the hazards of bringing them to the frontier were innumerable. In a letter dated April 7, 1846, Honoré Picotte, on an exploratory journey to what is now Pierre, South Dakota, wrote: "Caryon & Morin arrived on the 29th Ulto with all you sent in good order except the two cats which were drowned in L'eau qui Court [the Niobrara River of northern Nebraska] by the negligence of the men. I think they should be made to pay well for them & I request you to send me others pr 1st opportunity."

Cats as well as men faced many dangers en route to the gold country. C. W. Haskins, author of *The Argonauts of California,* tells us that "up to the spring of '50 not a single cat, or 'Kitty,' was seen in this part of the mining regions [Hangtown area]. Many started with the trains but died before reaching here."

AS THE TIDE of emigration swelled, rats and mice multiplied in proportion to the increasing human population, and the need for cats became more acute—often to the point where the available felines couldn't cope with the task. In *Five Years a Dragoon,* Sgt. Percival Lowe described conditions at his army post in Kansas around 1853: "The quarters were full of fleas, the old sod wall full of mice and snakes . . . Compared to fleas, bedbugs are pets.

COLLECTION OF THE LAC QUI PARLE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MADISON, MINNESOTA

This lone pioneer woman seated in front of her bleak sod hut in 1872 in Lac qui Parle County, Minnesota, no doubt found her cat (just visible by the doorway) a welcome companion as well as an expert rat-catcher.

. . . The two dozen cats that Lieutenant Heath brought from Fort Leavenworth two years before were perfect wrecks; they could not digest mice enough to counteract the ravages of fleas, and moped about utterly discouraged."

After the discovery of gold in California, the shortage of cats in the gold country prompted many a pleading letter: "Bring home a few *cats* if you please, [wrote pioneer Thomas J. Bidwell to his brother John in January of 1851] the mice here [Chico] are actually worse than the rats ever were at Sac. City! They, like some of our neighbors are bent on our ruin—nothing is safe from them—not even our noses at night—Let this touch your heart my dear brother, and induce you to bring home one *cat at least,* (pregnant if possible) i.e. (in a family way)."

And William Perkins, writing from Sonora on June 22 of the previous year, told of a similar situation there: "This evening old Coe (teamster) came up with our waggons, and brought us a *cat*. Never were cats in such demand since the days of the renowned 'Tom Wittingdon [*sic*], Lord Mayor of London.' The whole town is overrun with mice, and they destroy a deal of property for us. The advent of Grimalkin the First, is consequently a subject worthy of commemoration, particularly as we were at once offered an ounce of gold dust for every pound the cat weighed!"

Naturally, entrepreneurs immediately took advantage of the opportunity to make a few quick bucks. Horace Bell, in his *Reminiscences of a Ranger,* described one of these gentlemen: "In 1849, San Francisco was over-supplied with rats, without a corresponding supply of cats. The supply of cats in Los Angeles was overabundant, while of rats there were few. It was therefore left to the fertile brain of this distinguished Virginian to equalize this great seeming inequality in the nature of things. Consequently he went to work and gathered up all of the cats he could get, either by hook or crook, rumor had it that most of the feline merchandise was obtained by the former process, caged them up and shipped them to San Francisco. Having the only cats in market, and cats being a necessity, *Pete* was supreme dictator as to prices, and sold his cats, several hundred in number, at prices ranging at from $16 to $100 each, and thereby made a handsome fortune."

Pete's fortune fluctuated. According to Major Bell, he was addicted to gambling and soon lost all his profits. However, his two "coops of cats" had been left exposed to heavy seas on deck during the voyage, causing about a hundred cats to drown, Pete's lawyer sued the vessel for damages and Pete collected several hundred additional dollars!

Two years later, in the San Francisco *Alta California* for March 21, 1851, appeared an advertisement that read:

CATS—CATS—CATS—30 choice selected cats, from Los Angeles, of the celebrated Wittington breed, supposed to be good rat catchers, for sale. Apply to
A. W. NONEY,
Corner of Montgomery and Summer sts, or to
WADSWORTH & REVESIES,
Ship and Merchandise Brokers,
mar21-3 Sansome st., north of Washington.

COLLECTION OF THE BANCROFT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

COLLECTION OF THE WELLS FARGO BANK HISTORY ROOM, SAN FRANCISCO

Tricolored cats, like the tiny one huddled near the shoemaker in this circa-1890 photograph, were considered especially lucky by San Francisco's Chinese and can still be seen in Chinatown shops today.

On May 15, 1861, we again find the *Alta* reporting the importation of cats to San Francisco; and on November 9, 1863, the Sacramento *Union* tells of their shipment to Virginia City.

Several decades later, the booming silver-mining town of Tombstone, Arizona, also had a rat problem. Newcomer George W. Parsons wrote in his journal of his first night in town: "The rats ran about us all night making great racket. Long time before they could be forgotten." Three days later he mentioned them again: "Rats and mice made deuce of a racket last night around a fellow's head on ground. Rolled over on one in the night and killed him—mashed him deader than a door nail." Since Tombstone was known as a lawless town, the solution to the rat problem was quite naturally to steal a cat, something Parsons himself succeeded in doing two weeks later: "Cats are a scarcity and rarity and we sadly needed one. Tonight after church we came across two out promenading and . . . tried to capture one. I was successful and hurried mine home anxious to get there before I was clawed or bitten to death. Peace amongst the rats."

The theme of rodent depredations and the scarcity of cats was repeated wherever the frontier was extended, and after nearly half a century, those adventurers who took part in the Yukon gold rush in Alaska had the same experience as their predecessors. Mary Lee Davis's *Sourdough Gold* (1933), based on the diary and recollections of an unnamed doctor who went to Dawson in 1898, records: "Even a house-cat was expensive. The first to reach Dawson came in August when we did, and her kittens sold for ten dollars apiece. But any one who packed a cat and kittens over the Chilkoot earned that money!"

A news item from the *Klondike Nugget,* Dawson, Yukon Territory, Saturday, August 12, 1899, also dealt with cat entrepreneurship:

CARGO OF KITTENS

All sorts of things, alive and dead, have been brought to Dawson to tempt the unsophisticated miner to part with his hoardings of gold, but it remained for a man named Bjerrenark, who arrived from the outside one day last week, to bring in a cargo of kittens [*evidently via Skagway and Whitehorse*]. He showed a faithful knowledge of the Klondike market, for nice, sleek, striped kittens like he brought in were worth exactly an ounce [*$16*] in town dust last week, as he was pleased to find, but how many men would have conceived such an idea but he. It was not all profit, however, for Mr. Bjerrenark was obliged to pay 50 cents a head duty on the kittens at Log Cabin and $2.50 more for blanks in connection with the transaction, besides losing a half day of valuable time.

NOT ALL THE CATS who went west and north were valued solely as ratters and mousers, however. From the beginning, there were cats who were loved and cherished as pets and companions not only by children but by the otherwise tough-minded miners, trappers, soldiers, merchants,

Continued on page 60

HENRY FARNY

by Denny Carter

HENRY FARNY was a European by birth and training, yet his reputation as an artist is based upon his paintings of Indians and of the American West. Farny's style is realistic, minutely descriptive and accurate, but the very exoticism of his subject matter reveals his romantic tendencies. In addition to depicting Indians, Farny expressed the light and space of both the mountains and plains, leaving us a unique view of their monumental grandeur. Working during the same period as his better-known contemporaries Frederic Remington and Charles Russell, Farny's subject matter was essentially different from theirs. While they primarily portrayed the cowboy and his world of baroque action and conflict, Farny concentrated almost exclusively on the Indian and his everyday occupations, living in harmony with his environment.

Francois Henry Farny was born in Ribeauville, Alsace, France, on July 15, 1847, the third child of Charles and Jeannette Farny. His father was a carpenter and builder who, as a Protestant, fled France with his family following the revolution of 1848 to escape religious and political oppression. Arriving in America in 1853, the Farnys established a sawmill in western Pennsylvania, then a primitive and remote area. There young Henry first encountered Indians, beginning a lifelong fascination. The family lived in a log cabin, and the children were taught by their parents and an itinerant teacher who stayed in the neighborhood for three months each year.

By 1859 the Farnys were discouraged with their life in the backwoods, and in early spring they embarked for Cincinnati on a homemade twenty-eight-foot raft with a crew of twelve, several horses, and a number of chickens.

Settling in Cincinnati, young Henry attended school until the death of his father in 1863 forced him to go to work—as a decorator of watercoolers, a bookkeeper, and a lithographer of Civil War battle scenes—to help support the family. A book of young Farny's sketches from this period is filled with imagined scenes of Indian warfare, the jungle, and ships. While not noteworthy as works of art, these sketches do show that the Indian and his lore were already a focus of Farny's artistic interests.

In 1865 while still in Cincinnati, Farny did his first illustration for Harper Brothers, establishing a relationship that would last for thirty years, and he soon moved to New York to work for that company as an engraver and cartoonist. A year later the artist left New York for Italy, where he became the secretary and studio assistant for the American painter Thomas Buchanan Read. There Farny worked on his own drawings and paintings at night, while meeting a number of French students and Alsatians from his birthplace.

By July of 1868, Farny was staying in Grafenberg, near Dusseldorf, Germany. His relationship with T. B. Read had evidently deteriorated, for the older artist had placed him with Hermann Herzog, a landscapist. Farny objected to this training in a letter to his mother: "I wish to become a painter of figures and specially to study portraits (as a very profitable thing) and here this caprice takes Mr. Read to put me with a landscapist. It is as if one put a young man who wished to become a priest with a lawyer. None the less, I work hard for to know how to paint a landscape is at least something." Farny's lack of interest in landscape painting at this time is ironic in view of the fact that his greatest achievement as an artist is probably his depiction

---

This article is based on the author's research for her book Henry Farny, *just released by Watson-Guptill Publications, New York, in cooperation with the Cincinnati Art Museum. The Farny paintings on pages 38-47 have been reproduced from the book with the permission of the publisher and respective owners and institutions.*

A BLACKFOOT · 1893

COURTESY OF KENNEDY GALLERIES, INC., NEW YORK

FARNY

THE SORCERER · 1903

COLLECTION OF THE THOMAS GILCREASE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART, TULSA, OKLAHOMA

of the western country. His comments also show that his interest in art was decidedly professional; he wanted to earn a living, and the particular branch of painting that promised to be most lucrative was the one he intended to pursue.

After some three years studying in Europe, Farny returned to Cincinnati. But the young artist had difficulty finding commissions and so returned to illustrating, designing circus posters as well as doing work for Cincinnati companies, Harper Brothers in New York, and drawings for some of the McGuffey readers. The artist seems to have painted very little throughout the 1870s, and few of these works survive. Farny himself commented on a painter's difficulties in Cincinnati: "It is about the worst place for a large city that a young artist could choose to make his *debut* in. There is not much attention given to aesthetic culture by the public at large; and unless an artist takes to designing tobacco labels, oyster labels, theatrical bills, or such work as that, he will generally find it hard to make a living. Many of us take refuge in portrait painting, which is really about the best paying line of art in Cincinnati. When I first came here, for a year or two, I almost despaired of being able to succeed."

Farny was able to return to Europe for approximately five months in 1873. He had received an important commission from the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce to illustrate the pork-packing process for which the city was famous, and he took these cartoons to the Vienna Exposition where they were awarded a medal. In 1875 Farny was again in Europe for a year, this time with three young artists from Cincinnati, Frank Duveneck, Frank Dengler, and John Twachtman.

By 1880, Henry Farny had been a practicing artist for fifteen years and was well-known as an illustrator. His European training as a painter was considerable and varied: he had been in Rome, Dusseldorf, Munich, and probably Paris, and was acquainted with the major styles in Europe at the time. Before traveling to the West, he had developed the artistic resources he would soon use to depict the Indian and his country.

AN APACHE AMBUSH · 1894

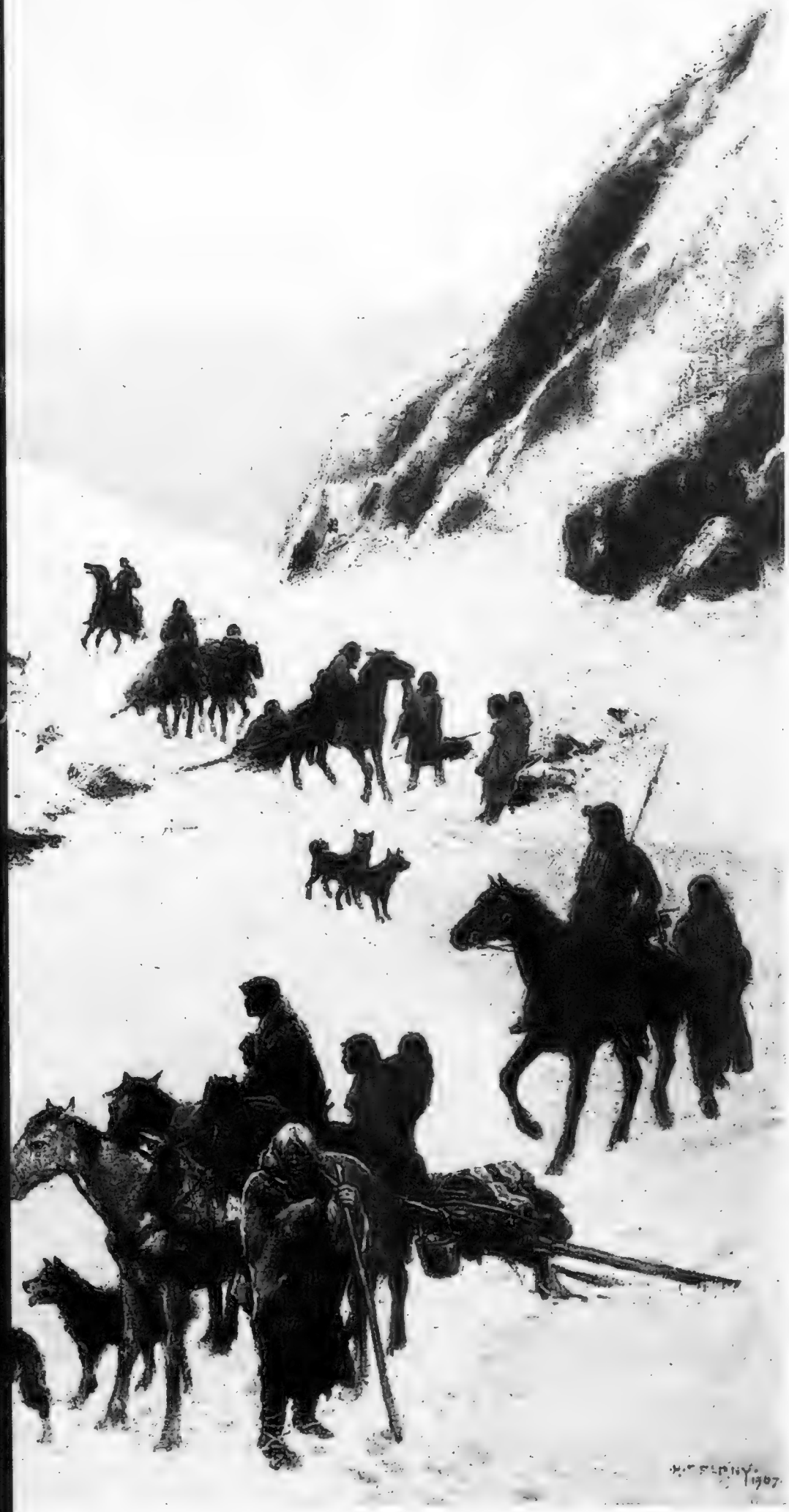
DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL COLLECTION OF THE CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM, CINCINNATI, OHIO; GIFT OF ALFRED T. AND EUGENIA I. GOSHORN

DURING THE NEXT twelve years, Henry Farny continued to work as an illustrator for Harper Brothers, Century, and various other publishers. However, he spent more time on his painting, both in oil and gouache, and began to depict the Indian.

Farny had been interested in Indians since boyhood and by 1880 owned a collection of Indian artifacts, so it was natural that he would eventually travel west in search of material. His first such journey came in the fall of 1881 when he stayed at Fort Yates on the Missouri River to sketch and photograph the Sioux Indians who lived in tepees near the fort. Two newspaper articles reported on Farny's reaction to the West. One reporter wrote: "At present [Farny] gazes on his photographs of Indians; he draws Indians, he paints Indians, he sleeps with an Indian tomahawk near him, he lays greatest store by his Indian necklaces and Indian pipe, he talks Indian and he dreams of Indian warfare." In another article Farny stated that "the plains, the buttes, the whole country and its people [are] fuller of material for the artists than any other country in Europe."

The West which Farny visited in 1881 was already becoming a nostalgic subject for Americans. The transcontinental railroad had been completed in 1869, the Indians had been almost totally confined to their reservations during the 1870s, and the frontier would officially cease to exist by 1890. While a few Indians, such as Sitting Bull and Geronimo, continued to resist white settlement with small bands of warriors, the majority lived peacefully if dispiritedly on their reservations while the buffalo had already passed into legend. Thus Farny's compositions showing Indians on the buffalo hunt, moving camp, or in hunting parties are historical scenes rather than those he actually saw.

Farny collected a large cache of Indian material while at Fort Yates. When he returned to Cincinnati, he carried with him a number of sketches—largely portraits of Indians rather than landscapes—more than a hundred photographs, and a considerable number of artifacts including a buffalo tooth necklace, a war bonnet, and a tobacco pouch.



MORNING OF A NEW DAY · 1907

COLLECTION OF THE NATIONAL COWBOY HALL OF FAME AND WESTERN HERITAGE CENTER, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

END OF THE RACE · 1881

COURTESY OF THE G. A. RENTSCHLER COLLECTION

THE CAPTIVE · 1885

COLLECTION OF THE CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM, CINCINNATI, OHIO; GIFT OF MRS. BENJAMIN E. TATE AND JULIUS FLEISCHMANN IN MEMORY OF THEIR FATHER, JULIUS FLEISCHMANN

This material became the basis for Farny's Indian paintings, used and reused in his compositions much as a historian uses his notes. During subsequent western trips, Farny added to his collection until he could produce a steady stream of authentically-detailed paintings without leaving his Cincinnati studio.

Farny's use of photographs as an aid in creating his paintings was not unusual for the period. Many European and American artists, Edgar Degas and Thomas Eakins among them, used photographs in the preparation of some of their most important works. Farny not only took his own photographs, but he also bought them and clipped reproductions of photographs from newspapers and magazines. By collecting a large inventory of landscape and portrait photographs for use in his paintings, Farny was adopting one of the newer artistic resources to his needs.

Soon after his return from Fort Yates, Farny began work on several paintings. One of these is *End of the Race* (page 41), a large, dramatic painting illustrating a Sioux burial. At the foot of a platform, a Sioux mourns for the dead warrior above, while two coyotes wait in the sagebrush beyond. The snow, the twilight, and the somber gray colors give the scene its sense of desolation. Farny chose a low viewpoint for his painting, as though the spectator were looking up at the scene from farther down the sloping hillside. This dramatic viewpoint emphasizes the height of the burial platform, silhouetting it against the gray sky.

In the early summer of 1882, Farny traveled to Washington, D.C., to illustrate Frank Cushing's articles on the Zuni Indians for *Century Magazine*. A contingent of the Zuni were in Washington at the time, so Farny used these live models along with photographs of the pueblos to create his illustrations. There is no evidence that Farny had yet been in the Southwest, but he was able to produce convincingly realistic sketches in spite of this handicap.

In 1883 Farny made his second known trip to the West. As a representative of *Century Magazine*, Farny traveled to Helena, Montana, to observe the driving of the last spike of the Northern Pacific's transcontinental railroad line. During this trip Farny met the Sioux leader Sitting Bull and

SONG OF THE TALKING WIRE · 1904

COLLECTION OF THE TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI, OHIO

had the opportunity to make many sketches and drawings of Indians.

The following year Farny traveled to the West once more, this time to illustrate an article Eugene V. Smalley was to write for *Century Magazine*. From Helena, Montana, a group of fourteen men including Farny took two boats down the Missouri River to Fort Benton, passing first through mountain country and then past the settled, agricultural area above Fort Benton. Farny's illustrations for this article are the artist's first known drawings of the western mountains. Unlike earlier artists Albert Bierstadt and Thomas Moran, who made romanticized, grandiose paintings stressing the mythical qualities of the western mountains, Farny's illustrations emphasize a more realistic and intimate view of the landscape.

In the fall of 1885 Farny sent a large gouache to the American Art Association's exhibition of watercolors, where it was awarded a prize of $250. *The Captive* (opposite page) is a dramatic work showing a white prisoner staked to the ground, enduring the torture of the punishing sun. While the painting bears little relation to Farny's experience with Indians, the subject coincided with the popular image of the Plains Indian.

BY THE END of the 1880s, Farny's paintings increased in number as he began to sell more of his work. Although his last illustrations did not appear in *Harper's Weekly* until 1893, he did them less frequently than in the early years of the decade. Between 1889 and 1893 Farny established most of the important themes that he would expand upon in the following years, including the portrait, the Indian camp, evening and night camp scenes, the hunting party, the single hunter, and pueblo scenes. The great majority of Farny's paintings were done after 1889, and most fit into one of these categories.

Farny painted many scenes of Indians in camp, and they are among his finest works. *Indian Camp* (pages 44–45) is one of the earliest of these. The camp is shown on the plains with the mountains in the distance. A broad trail leads us

INDIAN CAMP · 1890

COLLECTION OF THE CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM, CINCINNATI, OHIO; BEQUEST OF MRS. W. A. JULIAN

H.F. FARNY

DAYS OF LONG AGO · 1903

COLLECTION OF THE WHITNEY GALLERY OF WESTERN ART, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WYOMING

diagonally into the painting, emphasizing the depth of the perspective. In the foreground, the figures and their clothing are carefully drawn, but the animals and figures in the middle ground are more sketchily treated, giving us a sense of the loss of visible detail as objects recede in space. Farny uses only slight aerial perspective in these paintings of the plains. The far distant mountains retain their color, and the snowy peaks are precisely defined. Even the sky loses only a shade or two of its blue toward the horizon. Such devices add to the depth of the composition and help Farny create the sense of limitless space peculiar to the plains. The peacefulness of this scene, with Indians engaged in quiet tasks in the midst of a grand western landscape, expresses the mood most often seen in Farny's paintings.

Farny painted many pictures of hunting parties or of a whole tribe on the move. One of these, *On the Trail in Winter,* reproduced on the cover of this issue, shows a tribal group descending a mountain trail. The asymmetrically balanced composition and the figures cut off by the picture plane are devices typically found in Farny's work.

During Farny's career he often created compositions that symbolize the dichotomy between Indian and white civilization. One of Farny's best known works, *Song of the Talking Wire* (page 43), depicts the Indians' bewilderment and hopelessness in the face of oncoming whites. The isolation of the figure, the dark colors, and the long line of receding telegraph poles emphasizing the vastness of the land, together create a sense of deep pathos. The Indian has met something he does not understand, something more powerful than he that will eventually cause his way of life to vanish completely.

In 1894 Farny went west for the last time, traveling to Indian territory in the Southwest. There General Nelson Miles, to whom Geronimo had surrendered in 1886, invited Farny to join him on a tour of inspection of the reservation where Geronimo was staying. Farny did a sketch of this famous Indian, which served as a basis for several later paintings, took more photographs, and sketched.

After this last trip, Farny remained primarily in Cincinnati for the rest of his life. He worked in his studio, using an Indian model, photographs, sketches, and artifacts to produce the steady stream of paintings eagerly awaited by his clients. So many of his paintings were bought directly from his studio by Cincinnati customers that he had little need to exhibit or travel widely. By about 1912, Farny's output began to slacken, and his production ceased altogether about 1914. He traveled to Europe that year, but he was already quite ill. By October of 1916, the artist was in the hospital and on December 23, he died.

DURING HIS LIFETIME, Henry Farny's reputation was high, but from the time of his death until recently, his name dropped into obscurity outside of Cincinnati, and no exhibitions of his work are known to have been held elsewhere until recently. However, over the last ten years, interest in Farny's work has increased dramatically because of the upsurge in the popularity of western painting. Due to their high quality and interesting subject matter, Farny's paintings are now widely sought after by dealers and collectors.

Henry Farny was an artist of many contradictions. A European by birth and training, this sophisticated painter achieved his reputation through his sensitive depiction of a primitive people and their country. Moreover, the romanticism embodied in Farny's interest in the exotic Indians was expressed by a realistic style. And though he was known primarily as an Indian painter, it is probably his depiction of the light and mood of the western landscape that will stand as Farny's lasting contribution to American art. **AW**

Denny Carter *earned her bachelor's and master's degrees in art history at the University of Cincinnati. She is curator of painting at the Cincinnati Art Museum, which owns the world's finest collection of Farny paintings.*

Sketch for "Days of Long Ago"

A new source of books on Western Americana—new and old titles

MUSEUM SHOP

BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

THE WAY WEST by Peter H. Hassrick. A pictorial survey of the epic story of the opening of America's frontier. 233 illustrations—103 in color, 240 pages, 10 x 13½, Abrams, 1977.

Price $30.00
Postage and handling $2.50

THE CHARLES M. RUSSELL BOOK by Dr. Harold McCracken. A comprehensive collection of the work of one of the West's most famous artists and a complete biography of his colorful life. 35 full color illustrations and more than 150 black & white reproductions—10½ x 13½, 236 pages, Doubleday, 1957.

Price $22.50
Postage and handling $2.50

MICHAEL COLEMAN by Wunderlich and Hassrick. Catalog for exhibition at Kennedy Galleries and BBHC. 48 illustrations—9 in color, 8½ x 11, 48 pages, 1978, soft cover.

Price $4.95
Postage and handling .75

JAMES BAMA WESTERN PAINTINGS. Catalog for exhibition at Coe-Kerr Gallery, Inc. and Buffalo Bill Historical Center. 48 pages, 9 x 11, 54 illustrations—9 in color, 1977.

Price $5.00
Postage and handling .75

SIGHTS WEST by Hassrick, Hall, and Frost. Paperback book presenting a selection of guns from the Winchester Museum which exemplify the types of firearms used on the western frontier. 94 pages, 80 illustrations, 8½ x 11, 1976, BBHC.

Price $5.50
Postage and handling .75

THE ART OF FREDERIC REMINGTON by Dr. Harold McCracken and Don Hedgpeth. Prepared as an exhibition catalog for 1974. Largest collection of Remington's work ever assembled in one location. 156 illustrations—16 in full color, 8½ x 11, 96 pages, paperback, BBHC.

Price $6.00
Postage and handling .75

SPURS WERE-A-JINGLIN' by Don Hedgpeth. An illustrated look at the men, horses, cattle, and country which represent the reality of the cowboy life. Sixty photos of the Wyoming range taken in the early 1900 s by Charles J. Belden (1887-1966). 104 pages, 10 x 8¼, Northland Press, 1975.

Price $8.95
Postage and handling 2.00
Special Reduced Price—was $12.50

CONTEMPORARY WESTERN ARTISTS by Deborah Goppert. Biographical sketches of twelve contemporary artists represented in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art. 28 pages, 8 x 8, 13 illustrations—5 in color, 1978, soft cover, BBHC.

Price $2.50
Postage and handling .75

THE MOUNTAIN MAN, text by William H. Goetzmann. Soft cover book about the fur trade era. 64 pages, 9½ x 8½, 80 illustrations—17 in color, 1978. Visual Books, Inc.

Price $8.95
Postage and handling 1.25

COWBOY by Don Hedgpeth. Prepared as the exhibition catalog for 1975, contemporary and classic art works with cowboy subjects, plus Charles J. Belden photos. 88 pages, 91 illustrations, 8 x 10, paperback. BBHC.

Price $5.00
Postage and handling .75

GEORGE CATLIN AND THE OLD FRONTIER by Dr. Harold McCracken. A biography and picture gallery of the Dean of Indian painters. 36 full-color reproductions—130 in black and white, 216 pages, 9¼ x 12¼, Bonanza

Price $7.95
Postage and handling 2.00

FREDERIC REMINGTON-ARTIST OF THE OLD WEST, by Dr. Harold McCracken. The first comprehensive Remington biography. 157 pages, 80 illustrations—32 in color, 9¼ x 12¼, 1947, J. B. Lippincott Co.

Price $20.00
Postage and handling 2.50

THE WEST OF BUFFALO BILL by McCracken, Hedgpeth, Frost, Platteter. Spectacular volume dealing with the Old West as depicted by the extensive collections at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center. 249 illustrations—125 in full color, 288 pages, 10½ x 11½, Abrams, 1974.

Price $19.95
Postage and handling 2.50
Reduced Price—was $35.00

THE MUMMY CAVE PROJECT by Dr. Harold McCracken and others involved with Mummy Cave excavation. Over 600 major artifacts illustrated. 160 pages, 8 x 10¾, 1978, soft cover, BBHC.

Price $5.00
Postage and handling .75

BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, text by John Kings. Soft cover book about the Historical Center and its collections. 64 pages, 155 illustrations—128 in color, 9 x 12, 1977, BBHC.

Price $3.00
Postage and handling 1.00

A HERITAGE OF THE BLACKFEET by Dr. Harold McCracken and Paul Dyck. The story of the sacred Thunder Medicine Pipe of the Blackfeet people and the ceremony surrounding the annual opening of the pipe bundle. 24 pages, 20 illustrations—3 in color, 8 x 10, 1972, BBHC.

Price $2.00
Postage and handling .75

HOW TO ORDER

To order send list of titles with payment plus postage and handling to the MUSEUM SHOP, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Box 409-A, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

Wyoming residents should add 3% sales tax.

REFUND GUARANTEED-All books may be examined for three weeks and returned for full refund if not satisfactory.

WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

Nevada's old state capitol at Carson City is being renovated, but its treasure-filled cornerstone is missing. When the capitol was built 108 years ago, a brass box containing a proof set of 1870 Carson City coins and a silver bar, together worth $30,000, along with priceless Chinese coins reputed to date from five hundred years before Ghengis Khan, were put in an unmarked cornerstone. Newspaper accounts of the time record that a gala celebration marked the laying of the cornerstone, with its brass treasure box, in the northeast corner. Today, despite the use of sonic devices and X-rays, the cornerstone and its treasure have not been located.

Nostalgia will be the theme of a new exhibition on view at the **Buffalo Bill Historical Center,** Cody, Wyoming, through November 30. The display, **"Winchester Promotional Arts,"** is composed primarily of nineteenth-century items—posters, calendars, cartridge boards, photos, early catalogs, and advertisements—used by the famous gun-making company to promote its products. Accompanying the main exhibit, the Center's mezzanine area will display recently acquired paintings.

The **National Trust for Historic Preservation** has just awarded nineteen matching grants in **maritime historic preservation** totaling $280,000. Western grant recipients include: the SS *Jeremiah O'Brien,* built in 1943 and today the last surviving unaltered Liberty Ship, which after restoration will be moored and open to the public in San Francisco harbor; the Museum of Missouri River History, sponsored by the Nebraska State Historical Society of Brownville, to be developed aboard the 1932 dredge *Captain Meriwether Lewis;* and the *Elissa,* one of the last of the nineteenth-century square-rigged sailing vessels, to be brought from Greece to Galveston, Texas, where she will be exhibited and used for training sea scouts.

"The Urban Indian Experience: A Denver Portrait," a photo exhibit on contemporary Indian life in Denver will open November 30 at the **Denver Museum of Natural History** for a six-month showing. The first of a series of lecture/forums on off-reservation Indians will be held at the museum November 29, followed by a second on December 13.

DAGUERREOTYPE OF PETER SKENE OGDEN, CIRCA 1852–53

FROM "HISTORIC AMERICAN PORTRAIT DAGUERREOTYPES"

"Facing the Light: Historic American Portrait Daguerreotypes" will be on view at the **National Portrait Gallery,** Washington, D.C., through February 4. The exhibit of 110 daguerreotypes of well-known Americans contains a number of special interest to westerners, including portraits of Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, artist and photographer Solomon N. Carvalho, frontier artist Seth Eastman, explorer John Charles Frémont, newspaper editor Horace Greeley, Texas statesman Sam Houston, and fur trader Peter Skene Ogden. A 384-page exhibit catalog is available for $11.25 including postage from the Museum Shop, National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560.

A new advisory service has been established by the **Oral History Association** to assist individuals and groups in starting or evaluating oral history programs. Inquiries should be addressed to the Oral History Association, Evaluation Service, North Texas State University, P.O. Box 13734 NT Station, Denton, Texas 76203.

The Heard Museum of Phoenix, Arizona, which celebrates its fiftieth anniversary in 1979, focuses on ethnology, archaeology, and Native American art in its collections. From November 24 through December 3, its annual **Indian arts and crafts exhibit** will be on view, with all craft items for sale. A second exhibit, **"Images on Paper: Graphic Arts by American Indian Artists,"** can be seen from December 16 through January 1.

The **San Jose (California) Museum of Art** will feature **California Indian basketry,** November 10–30; and paintings by Carl Christiansen under the title **"A Panorama of Mormon Life,"** November 8–30.

"Blacks in the Westward Movement," a Smithsonian Institution traveling exhibit, will be on view in Reno, Nevada, November 18–July 1, 1979, sponsored by the Nevada Humanities Committee. A second copy of the exhibit can be seen at the Mesa Museum, Mesa, Arizona, January 6–February 4, 1979, and at the University of Texas of the Permian Basin, Odessa, April 14–May 13. Another Smithsonian exhibit, **"Indian Baskets of Western North America,"** including 100 baskets from the Bowers Museum, Santa Ana, California, can be seen November 4–December 3 at the Dane G. Hansen Memorial Museum, Logan, Kansas; at Arapahoe Community College, Littleton, Colorado, February 10–March 11, 1979; and at the Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff, May 19–June 17.

Northwest Indian art will be on display at the **Oregon Historical Society,** Portland, through November 26 in an exhibition sponsored by the Indian Festival of Arts. Featured are traditional-style works including totem carvings, basketry, and beadwork, as well as contemporary paintings and sculpture using Indian themes.

"Sun House," the **Ukiah, California,** home of turn-of-the-century artist **Grace Carpenter Hudson,** whose paintings of Pomo Indians were featured in the September/October 1977 issue of *The American West,* will soon become a museum. Purchased by the city of Ukiah in 1977, the home and five acres of grounds are in the process of being designated a state historical monument. The projected museum will house many of Carpenter's paintings, collections of Pomo artifacts, pioneer mementos, and a gallery for the display of contemporary artwork. The museum project is sponsored by the nonprofit Sun House Guild, P.O. Box 865, Ukiah, CA 95482.

The **Oakland Museum** is featuring several new exhibits relating to the West. **"The Many Mizners: A California Clan Extraordinary,"** chronicling a pioneer family through three generations, will be on view November 7–February 5, 1979. **"George Inness: Signature Years, 1884–1894,** which includes forty landscapes from the artist's little-known California period, will continue from November 28 through January 28, 1979.

Available for the first time in single volumes. . . .

THE *Journals* OF ALFRED DOTEN

1849-1903

EDITED BY WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK

Volume I — *The California Gold Rush*, $25.00
Volume II — *The Nevada Silver Rush*, $25.00
Volume III — *Man and Mining Frontier in Decline*, $25.00
Complete illustrated set of three volumes, **$60.00**

A truly unique documentation of the early West by one who was there. Alf Doten was a gifted chronicler who became an influential newspaperman in the heyday of the Comstock Lode. Edited by Walter Van Tilburg Clark of *Ox-Bow Incident* fame.

"'. . . may well be the most comprehensive personal account of 'the predatory and essentially amoral life of the California Gold Rush and the Nevada Silver Rush.'"

—San Francisco Chronicle

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH — *Volume I, 808 pages.*
The harrowing voyage around the Horn to San Francisco in 1849. . . .high expectations, brutal work, and dashed hopes prospecting in California's Mother Lode country. . . .San Francisco race problems, lynching by vigilantes. . . .onwards to Nevada with dreams refired. . . .the Como strike and the life of a jack-of-all-trades—miner, musician, carpenter, and aspiring journalist.

THE NEVADA SILVER RUSH—*Volume II, 767 pages.*
The frenetic life of the Comstock Lode, where Doten became a reporter for the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise* and gained considerable stature as an associate of journalist Dan De Quille. . . .owner of the *Gold Hill News* and confidant of leading mining and political figures of the day. . . .onwards again to the new mining camp at Austin in search of fame and fortune.

MAN AND MINING FRONTIER IN DECLINE—*Volume III, 805 pages.*
The final years—hopes gone and ambition crushed, paralleling the decline of the western mining frontier. . . .the life of an often derelict in Virginia City, Reno, and Carson City. . . .time passes Alf Doten by and he dies alone in 1903. Appendix. Index.

"'. . . a sourcebook of sourcebooks for historians of the frontier and a gold mine for the Western history devotee. It is the stuff from which history itself is made."

—Long Beach Press-Telegram

"'. . . this work is an unique and immensely valuable document for the social history of the frontier West. No other record is so filled with the sharp, immediate, blunt facts of life on the mining frontier."

—Sacramento Bee

"'. . . monumental . . . any scholar . . . or any western history buff . . . should not be without these volumes."

—Western Historical Quarterly

"'. . . they give us an amazing depth of research material on how things were in an earlier Nevada."

—Reno Evening Gazette

University of Nevada Press • Reno, Nevada 89557

American Indian Fiction

REVIEWED BY JOHN MILTON

HAVING DETERMINED that to be an Indian means tribal-roll listing, Charles Larson identifies a total of sixteen "Indian novels." The first five, published between 1899 and 1934, are seen as mere curiosities that show little or no evidence of Indian content. Two more are given short shrift because authorship has not been fully determined. Of the remaining nine, two are badly written, one is less-than-effective satire, and one may not be a novel at all.

American Indian Fiction by Charles R. Larson *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1978; 208 pp., notes, biblio., index, $9.50).*

Left with a "history" of American Indian fiction comprised of five novels that have literary merit (short fiction is not mentioned), we might wonder about the pretensions of Larson's book. It is, however, worthwhile for at least three reasons:

First, Larson's recital of the Pocahontas myth reminds us of the early establishment of Indian stereotypes and, therefore, the difficulty of breaking them. Secondly, his suggested categories—almost chronological in arrangement—provide a useful, if not always satisfactory, pattern: assimilation, repudiation of the white man's world, history that is perhaps revisionist, and an antitermination view of the reservation as a place of refuge. Lastly, the bulk of the book is explication of the novels and provides students with interpretations which, though often strained, should prove helpful.

Aside from the explications, Larson is aware of the problems inherent in his subject. What is Indian literature? Why is there not more of it, especially fiction? Who is Indian? By our curious standards, one drop of blood turns a white-skinned person into a Black, but Indian ancestry in many cases need not count at all unless the individual chooses to emphasize it. And so we have writers who are Indian although they are fifteen-sixteenths white, and writers who are white even though they are one-eighth Indian.

By shortage of Indian literature, I presume that Larson is thinking of mature, developed, first-rate writing. If so, the shortage extends far beyond the American Indian. Nevertheless, there are obvious reasons. Until recently, relatively few Indians had the education, the language facility, or the financial means to become writers. The three major Indian novels of the past ten years have come from N. Scott Momaday, a Ph.D. in English awarded the 1969 Pulitzer Prize in fiction (*House Made of Dawn*); James Welch, who did graduate work in writing and benefited from Harper & Row's special publishing program (*Winter in the Blood*); and Leslie Silko, recipient of a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship (*Ceremony*). These are special cases, and there will be more.

The nagging question of definition and discrimination in identifying Indian novels cannot be answered easily. Momaday and Welch simply write what they must. But some Indian writers aim at a non-Indian audience, to instruct, explain, or protest. Hyemeyohsts Storm's pastiche, *Seven Arrows*, has been extremely popular among white readers and severely criticized by Indians. Perhaps the best novel about the American Indian—Frank Waters's *The Man Who Killed the Deer*—is by a man who had a Cheyenne grandfather but who lives outwardly as a non-Indian.

What is "Indian" about Jim Welch's novel is the subject and the author's intimate knowledge of that subject. The style is that of a poet—nothing marks it as "Indian"—and Welch has often said that he wants to be known as a writer, not as an Indian writer. Momaday, in spite of his nonfictional quests into his personal past, has been influenced by Faulkner more than by the oral traditions of his ancestors. And Silko, apart from a few devices to which Larson and others may have given too much importance, writes in a free-associational style, strong on texture and often weak in dialogue.

These are excellent novels. But are they more "Indian" than Edwin Corle's *Fig Tree John* or Oliver La Farge's *Laughing Boy?* Perhaps. But the lines of demarcation are thin.

The Indian has been fashionable in the 1970s, just as the Black was a decade earlier. Collections and anthologies of Indian material have proliferated (and borrowed from each other) to the point of exploitation. It has been the thing to do, publishing Indian writing, good or bad. (Much of it would never have been considered if it had been written by non-Indians.)

And there is the rub. A mild form of success has come too easily to younger Indian writers, before they have encountered discipline, and they expect that success to continue. For the serious and dedicated writers, circumstances vary. In fiction as well as in poetry, Momaday, Welch, and Silko have been fortunate. Two writers with great potential—Ray Young Bear and Simon Ortiz—have not been as fortunate, through no fault of their own.

My hope is that we will not isolate Indian literature but bring it into the broader area of western American literature, or American fiction and poetry, treating it literarily rather than racially.

John Milton, *professor of English at the University of South Dakota, is the editor of several anthologies of contemporary Native American writing.*

RECENT WESTERN BOOKS

Arizona: A Panoramic History of a Frontier State by Marshall Trimble *(Doubleday, New York, 1977; 404 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $10.95).*

In a highly readable style, author Marshall Trimble, a teacher of Arizona and southwestern history, tells the story of the "Grand Canyon state."

The Saga of Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch by Edward M. Kirby *(Filter Press, Palmer Lake, Colorado, 1977; 116 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $7.50 cloth, $5.00 paper).*

Author Kirby was aided by Cassidy's sister Lula Parker Betenson in this examination of the Wild Bunch; both maintain Cassidy was not killed in South America but returned to live quietly in the West.

Guns, Gold, and Caravans: The Extraordinary Life and Times of Fred Meyer Schroder by Robert Easton *(Capra Press, Santa Barbara, 1978; 256 pp., illus., map, notes, appen., index, $11.95).*

Raised on a ranch along the California-Mexican border, this perennial soldier of fortune headed for the Yukon during the Klondike gold rush and then sought new frontiers in the Far East.

Last Trail to Bear Paw: Flight of the Nez Perces by Rowena L. Alcorn *(Western Media Printing and Publications, 6906 West 27th, Tacoma, WA 98466; 80 pp., illus., map, biblio., $6.00 paper).*

A fine series of twenty-five oil portraits of Nez Perce Indians form the core of this book on the tribes' futile flight toward Canada under Chief Joseph. Artist Rowena Alcorn began the portrait series in 1935, painting from life the last five survivors of the 1877 flight.

Murals in the Round: Painted Tipis of the Kiowa and Kiowa-Apache Indians by John C. Ewers *(Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., 1978, for sale by Supt. of Documents, U.S. Gov. Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402; 55 pp., illus., notes, biblio., $3.00 incl. postage).*

In this beautifully illustrated catalogue published for the Renwick Gallery, ethnologist John Ewers describes the tipi models made for James Mooney of the Smithsonian during field studies in southwestern Oklahoma at the turn of the century.

KWAKIUTL INDIAN DANCER, CIRCA 1895

FROM "THE NATIVE AMERICAN HERITAGE"

The Native American Heritage: A Survey of North American Indian Art by Evan M. Maurer *(Art Institute of Chicago, 1977, distributed by University of Nebraska, Lincoln; 351 pp., illus., maps, biblio., $20.00 paper).*

This outstanding exhibition catalogue provides a comprehensive, well-illustrated survey of more than one thousand years of Indian art.

Women of Crisis: Lives of Struggle and Hope by Robert Coles and Jane Hallowell Coles *(Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, New York, 1978; 291 pp., biblio., $10.95).*

The author of the Pulitzer-Prize winning *Children of Crisis* and his wife Jane Coles have written a moving series of portraits of women living on the edge of poverty. Particularly significant to westerners are their portraits of a migrant woman, a *Chicana* from San Antonio, and an Alaskan Eskimo woman.

Language and Art in the Navajo Universe by Gary Witherspoon *(University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1977; 214 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $14.00 cloth, $7.95 paper).*

Attempting to understand "the enduring core of Navajo culture," an anthropologist who has lived among Navajos for nearly fifteen years examines the role and nature of language and art in Navajo life.

Speak Softly to the Echoes by Art Gore *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, 1978; 106 pp., illus., $25.00).*

Art Gore, whose nostalgic photographs have appeared in *The American West,* tells of his boyhood in a small farming community in pictures and prose that evoke a bygone time.

Chinatown's Angry Angel: The Story of Donaldina Cameron by Mildred Crowl Martin *(Pacific Books, Palo Alto, California, 1977; 308 pp., illus., biblio., index, $12.50).*

Arriving in San Francisco's Chinatown in 1895 to teach sewing at the Presbyterian Home for Girls, Donaldina Cameron made it her life work to rescue young Chinese girls from slavery and enforced prostitution.

Sundancing at Rosebud and Pine Ridge by Thomas E. Mails *(Center for Western Studies, Augustana College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 1978; 395 pp., illus., map, notes, biblio., $29.50).*

In this large-format book, artist and Indian cultural authority Thomas Mails has written an exhaustive study of the Teton Sioux sun dance. Included are Mail's own paintings and sketches as well as a 158-page photographic record of the dance as practiced today.

Vancouver's First Century: A City Album, 1860–1960 by David Brock and the editors of the *Urban Reader (J. J. Douglas, Vancouver, British Columbia, 1977, distributed by University of Washington, Seattle; 154 pp., illus., $19.95).*

The history of Vancouver, British Columbia, from rough lumber town to cosmopolitan city is recounted in lively style in this volume filled with fine period photographs.

"BACHELORS' HALL", 1890 ACCOMMODATIONS IN VANCOUVER, B.C.

FROM "VANCOUVER'S FIRST CENTURY"

Drawn from Life: California Indians in Pen and Brush by Theodora Kroeber, Albert B. Elsasser, and Robert F. Heizer *(Ballena Press, Socorro, New Mexico, 1977; 295 pp., illus., map, notes, biblio., $8.95 paper).*

Three California anthropologists have collected more than three hundred paintings, drawings, and engravings of California Indians, dating from 1599 to the 1880s. Theodora Kroeber, author of *Ishi: Last of His Tribe,* provided the background text for this fine volume.

Navajo Blessingway Singer: The Autobiography of Frank Mitchell, 1881–1967, edited by Charlotte J. Frisbie and David P. McAllester *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1978; 446 pp., illus., map, notes, appen., biblio., index, $14.50 cloth, $8.50 paper).*

A Navajo ceremonial and tribal leader recalls his life in a richly detailed autobiography.

Early Indian Village Churches: Wooden Frontier Architecture in British Columbia by John Veillette and Gary White with commentaries by Harold Kalman, Robin Fisher, and Warren Sommer *(University of British Columbia, Vancouver, 1977; 195 pp., illus., glossary, biblio., $29.00 cloth, $15.00 paper).*

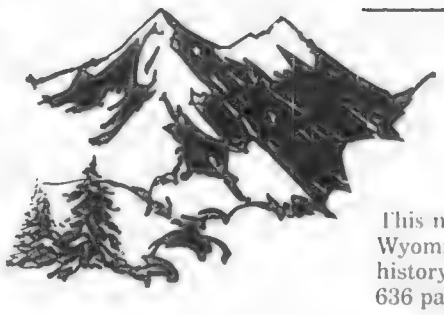
This unusually attractive large-format book describes late nineteenth-century mission churches in thoughtful language and 250 fine photographs.

The Frontier and the American West compiled by Rodman W. Paul and Richard W. Etulain *(AHM Publishing, Arlington Heights, Illinois, 1977; 169 pp., index, $10.95 cloth, $6.95 paper).*

One of the Goldentree Bibliographies in American History, this concise volume focuses on the region west of the ninety-eighth meridian and the period from the 1840s to the present.

Hopi Bibliography: Comprehensive and Annotated by W. David Laird *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1977; 735 pp., index, $13.50 cloth, $7.95 paper).*

This massive bibliography by the University of Arizona's head librarian contains nearly three thousand annotated entries and should be of immense value to both laymen and specialists. AW



History of Wyoming
Second edition, revised
By T. A. Larson

This new edition of the first comprehensive, critical history of Wyoming continues to emphasize political, economic, and social history and offers new interpretations and information.
636 pages, 32 halftones, 20 line drawings. **$18.95**

new Bison Books

Saga of Chief Joseph

By Helen Addison Howard

This completely revised edition of *War Chief Joseph* presents in exciting detail the full story of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce.
395 pages, illustrated. Paper *(BB 699)* **$4.95**

Narrative of the Adventures of Zenas Leonard

By Zenas Leonard
Introduction by Milo Milton Quaife

This journal of a trapper is recognized as one of the fundamental sources on the exploration of the American West.
xxii, 277 pages. Cloth **$14.25**
Paper *(BB 684)* **$ 3.95**

California Grizzly

By Tracy I. Storer and Lloyd P. Tevis, Jr.

This first comprehensive account of the California grizzly is the result of a long search through the historical, anthropological, and zoological literature of California.
xii, 335 pages, 56 illustrations. Cloth **$15.00**
Paper *(BB 688)* **$ 4.95**

Individuals please prepay. VISA and Mastercharge accepted.
Please add 75¢ handling charge and, in Nebraska, local sales tax.

University of Nebraska Press
901 North 17th Street Lincoln 68588

The bibliography of rawhide and cattle trails, boom towns and mountaineers . . .

from the pages of *America: History and Life*, three volumes of abstracts edited by a foremost Western scholar, Dwight L. Smith

The American and Canadian West

Spring, 1979 Hardcover $126
prepublication $113.40

Ray Billington on Arpad Kadarkay's translation of

Journey in North America, 1831

"This book allows us to view American Democracy of the Jackson era as it appeared to a dedicated European liberal . . . a volume that pictures movingly the golden age of American democratic patriotism and nationalism, and pictures it very well indeed . . ."
1978. 320pp. Hardcover $17.95

Prepayment must accompany individual orders. Postage and handling free.

ABC-CLIO®
American Bibliographical Center-Clio Press
Riviera Campus, 2040 A.P.S., Box 4397
Santa Barbara, CA 93103

Publisher of Historical Abstracts • America: History and Life
ABC POL SCI • ARTbibliographies • Online Data Bases • Reference Books

LOOKING FOR A PUBLISHER?

Exposition Press now publishes book manuscripts professionally in an average of three months — half the usual time. Our special imprints, Exposition-University (scholarly), Banner (trade), Lochinvar (Americana), Testament Books (religious), are reserved for deserving works in their separate fields. We offer a complete publishing service including editorial supervision, a dynamic marketing and promotional program and trade distribution. Inquiries are invited; editorial reports furnished without obligation.

FREE: Two fact-filled brochures containing a detailed description of our publishing plan and presenting a breakdown of contract terms and typical costs.

Write Dept. 110-R

EXPOSITION PRESS INC.
900 South Oyster Bay Road
Hicksville, New York 11801
(516) 822-5700, (212) 895-0081

FREE
SEARCH SERVICE
for
WESTERN AMERICANA

**You name it—
We find it!**

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, INC.

Box 1-AW
Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272

REVIEWS

America's Frontier Culture: Three Essays by Ray A. Billington, foreword by W. Turrentine Jackson *(Texas A&M University, College Station, 1977; 97 pp., $5.00).*

REVIEWED BY JOE B. FRANTZ

RAY BILLINGTON the man is such a congenially sophisticated person that he almost obscures Ray Billington the scholar. The same happy charge holds for Ray Billington the man as against Ray Billington the writer. He is someone you are always glad to see, whether in person or in print. He is also that even rarer historian, someone you are always glad to listen to.

Ordinarily I wouldn't offer such a panegyric, for he is also a properly modest person—I say "properly," for he knows his formidable strengths. But here in this short book (less than a hundred pages, including W. Turrentine Jackson's perceptive introduction) lie three opportunities to visit with Billington at ten-year-intervals—as he makes his inaugural address as Harmsworth Professor at Oxford University in 1954, as he gives the Edith Coulter Lecture in California in 1964, and as he delivers the opening plenary address before the Fourteenth International Congress of the Historical Sciences in 1975. But whether the essay is almost a quarter-century old or appeared only a couple of years ago, it is vintage.

Billington's smooth style is as deceptive as Billington's suave personality. He writes with flair, and is invariably interesting, an almost unforgivable sin for today's historians. I defy anyone to start any one of these three essays and not finish it in a sitting. Though the prodigy of research is carefully concealed, the evidence of profundity lies everywhere, however artfully downplayed. He has digested thousands of letters and seemingly every little obscure journal published in the United States, Europe, and Asia that might throw light on his topic. If in all this consumption he ever experiences any historical indigestion, he has the grace to hide it. And he has an adept journalist's instinct for zeroing in on the telling phrase and the right quotation.

If all the foregoing sounds as if this reviewer is going overboard in his praise, be assured that the fulsomeness is intentional and not extravagant. Here in three short essays is the American frontier experience wrapped up concisely, incisively, and palatably. Billington interprets the frontiersman in his coarseness, his exaggeration, his penchant for transplanting eastern culture, his longing to be free, and his conflicting enslavement by his past. Here is the frontiersman's humor, his acceptance of violence, and his feeling for strict accountability for sin. Here it all is, complete and urbane and witty and incontestable. **AW**

Joe B. Frantz *is Walter Prescott Webb Professor of History and Ideas at the University of Texas, Austin. He writes that he first saw Ray Billington at a history conference about 1950. Everyone else was dressed more or less alike, but Billington was clad in a black shirt and sported a long cigarette holder. Frantz has remembered him ever since.*

40 Years' Gatherin's by Spike Van Cleve *(The Lowell Press, Kansas City, Missouri, and the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, Oklahoma City, 1977; 316 pp., intro., illus., $11.95).*

REVIEWED BY OWEN ULPH

PROSPECTIVE READERS of Spike Van Cleve's reminiscences should beware of allowing the sponsorship of the Cowboy Fame Factory to influence their expectations. The book has little to do with cowboys and will not rival "Teddy Blue" Abbott's *We Pointed Them North* or R. D. Symons's *Where The Wagon Led.* Cows do graze through the text and Great Open Spaces still abound. Nevertheless, the work should have been subtitled *Reflections of a Western Squire* because that is what the contemporary rancher has become since the advent of steel branding-chutes constructed on the principle of rotisseries, portable corrals, pickups, stock trucks, and helicopters.

Spike's muted appeal emanates from nostalgia. His concern for bygone days is vicarious and ambivalent—engendered by youthful enchantment with "Gramp" and other gnarled codgers whose ghosts occasionally murmur to him from the past. His fantasies rescued him from a colloidal Harvard education and returned him from the claustrophobic urbanities of the East to "pretty clean country where a man had something to see." Here, Spike acquired a wife, children, and a home—what Zorba (who would have made a good cowboss) called "the full catastrophe."

Continued on page 56

Henry Farny, "A Black Foot," 1893, tempera on academy board, 12 x 8½ inches, signed and dated lower right

Kennedy Galleries

Leading Specialists in Western American Art

Frederic Remington
Charles M. Russell
O. E. Berninghaus
Edward Borein
Albert Bierstadt
George Catlin
Thomas Moran
Joseph Sharp
Bert Phillips
Victor Higgins
E. I. Couse
Charles Schreyvogel

Kennedy Galleries

40 West 57th Street, 5th Floor
New York 10019 (212) 541-9600
Co-Publishers of *The American Art Journal*
Open Monday-Friday 9:30-5:30

Graphic Arts Center Publishing Company proudly announces:

INDIAN BASKETS OF THE NORTHWEST COAST

A Limited Collector's Edition

1,000 Deluxe, signed and numbered copies

Fine examples of Indian basketry from private collections and museums were photographed in their native Pacific Northwest areas expressly for this magnificent book. See the feature article adaptation from the book, "Glimpses into a Lost World," Sept/Oct issue, *The American West*. Now you can enjoy the entire book containing over one hundred exquisite full-color pictures with informative text.

This limited edition offering is bound in an elegant three piece case binding with gold stamped spine and gold page-marker ribbon. On the front cover is a five inch square color inset detailing the intricate weave of a Wasco basket. The book fits snuggly into a handmade matching slipcase.

Each copy is numbered and signed by author Allan Lobb and photographer Art Wolfe. The edition is permanently limited to one thousand copies. To avoid being disappointed by the limited availability of this collector's edition, please order now.

GRAPHIC ARTS CENTER PUBLISHING COMPANY
2000 N.W. Wilson Street
Portland, Oregon 97209

Yes, send me _____copies of the Limited Collector's Edition of Indian Baskets of the Northwest Coast. Each copy is individually numbered and signed by the author and photographer.

☐ I enclose check or money order for $30.00 plus $1.50 shipping and handling per book. (California and Washington residents add appropriate sales tax.)
Total amount enclosed $ _____.

Send me _____copies of the regular edition of Indian Baskets of the Northwest Coast @$19.50 plus $1.25 shipping and handling per book.

Please charge my credit card account:
☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express

Account No. _____

Expiration Date_____

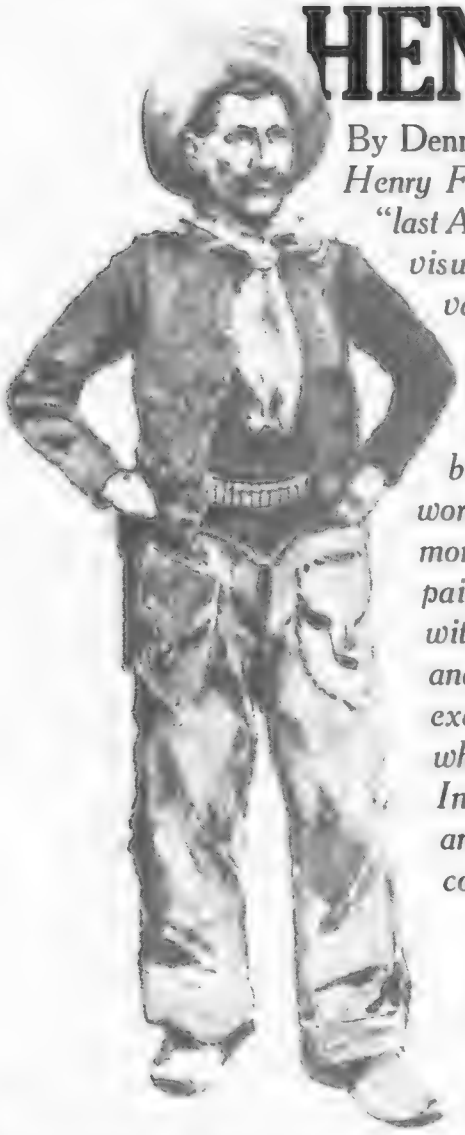
Signature_____
(Required with Charge Order)

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip _____

Guarantee: You may return the book(s) within two weeks of receipt for a full refund.



HENRY FARNY

By Denny T. Carter

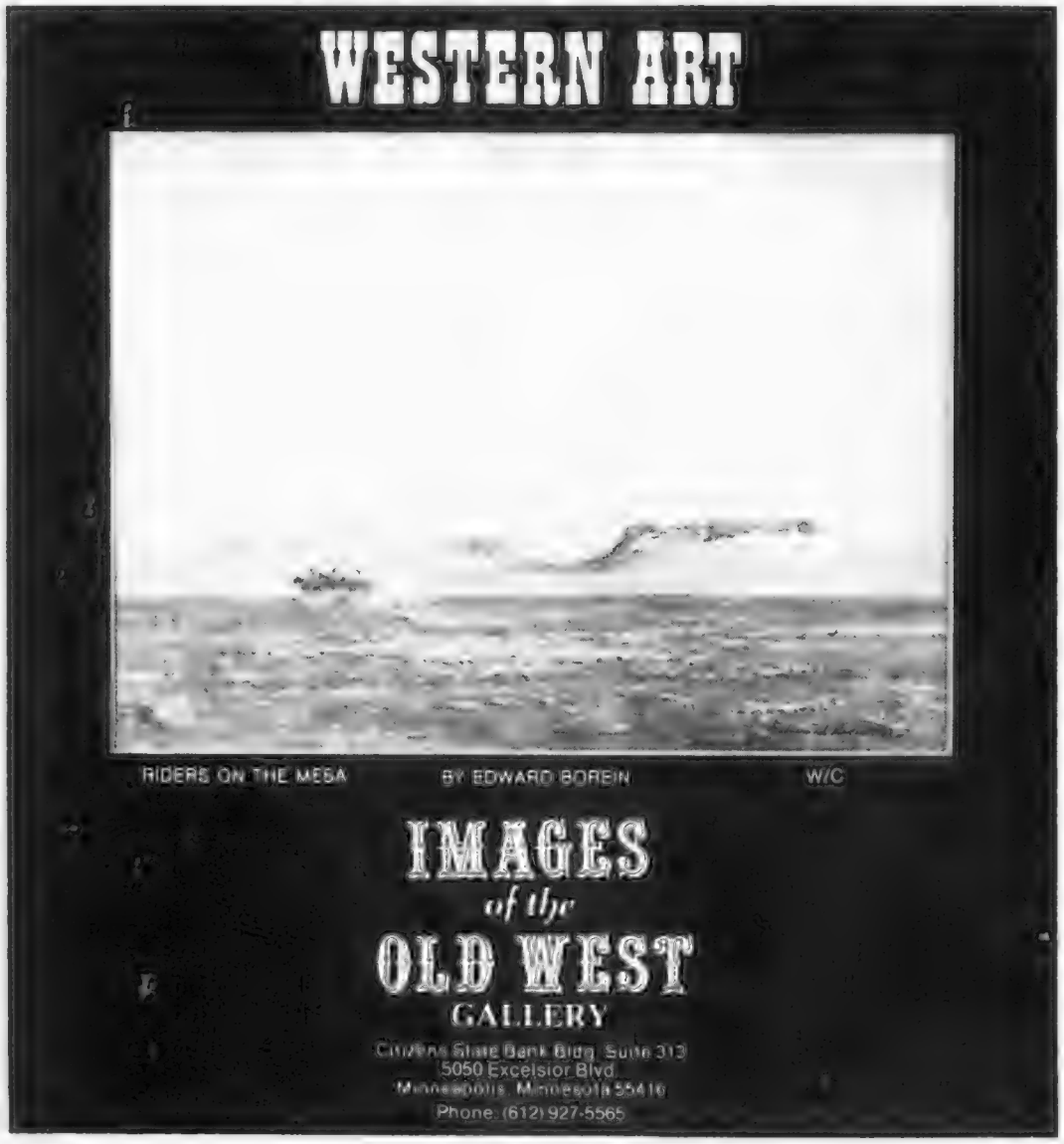
Henry Farny's vivid portrayal of life on the "last American Frontier" represents a unique visual narrative of a way of life that has vanished for all time—the wild and free, sometimes cruel life of the American Indian. This beautifully illustrated volume, the first book ever published on Farny's life and work, reproduces a stirring collection of more than 200 Farny paintings. Each painting is reproduced full-page-size, with 64 in full color. Through both text and pictures, Farny is revealed as an exceptional documentary artist—one who recorded the life of white men and Indians with equal respect, sympathy and honesty. 208 pp. 10½ x 11¼. 64 color plates. 135 B & W illus. $35.00

At your bookstore, or write to:
Watson-Guptill Publications
2160 Patterson Street
Cincinnati, Ohio 45214

Spike, however, does not view his life cynically. He never shied from the "double-harness." His family is his pride. Tamed and domesticated, he makes the best of everything—weathering the Great Depression, accommodating to guest-ranching, and even conceding virtues to the gilded dudes seeking moments of splendor in his Montana grass. Spike's memoirs are a monument to stamina and forbearance under the onslaught of tourism, suburban sprawl, industrial growth, and the grace God has shed on America. Spike's measurement of a man is whether or not he grades out as a "nice guy." His last ambition is to be epitaphed as such on his gravestone. He will surely succeed.

Spike's autobiographical sketches indicate clearly that the *essence* of the cattleman's tradition has gone. Nobility succumbs to consumer demand. Similarly, I recall my philosophical rage when commercialism added a rear seat to that peerless sovereign of the road, the Austin-Healy 3000, so there would be room for the kiddies . . . Kismet! **AW**

Owen Ulph, *professor of history and humanities at Reed College, is also a rancher, writer, and interpreter of the cowboy tradition.*



Winner Take All: The Trans-Canada Canoe Trail by David Lavender *(McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1977; 378 pp., maps, biblio., index, $11.50).*

REVIEWED BY JOHN A. HUSSEY

THE EXPLORATION and early frontier expansion of Canada was largely a waterborne process. The first Europeans, the French, quickly found their ships' boats almost useless beyond tidewater, in the vast maze of interlocking lakes and streams offering a myriad of paths to the interior. Indian bark canoes, on the other hand, could easily be carried around the worst rapids and over portages between navigable waters. Soon the French were using these graceful craft, built and manned by natives, to push westward in search of furs. Later they learned to build and handle their own canoes. When the techniques and routes of travel were mastered, the French pushed far out onto the prairies.

After the fall of New France, Britishers dominated the fur trade, but their operations were made possible by French-Canadian *voyageurs*. Both the North West Company and the rival Hudson's Bay Company employed these colorful workers as they raced to open the Atha-

basca country, the Rockies, and the Pacific Slope. The Nor'Westers, led by such explorers as Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, and David Thompson, first discovered a practicable overland route to the Pacific, but the Hudson's Bay Company reaped the benefits when the two firms united in 1821.

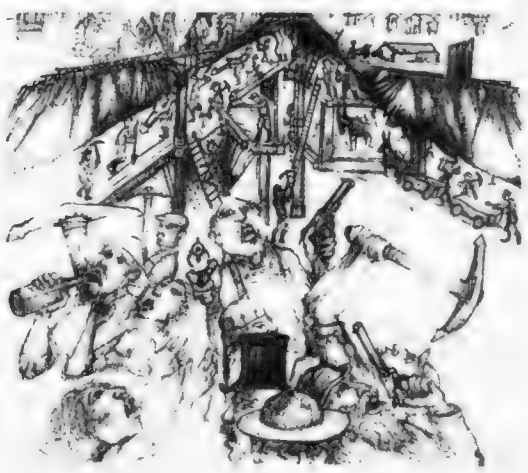
Such, in brief, is the story told by *Winner Take All*. With his usual skill and his extensive knowledge of the fur trade, David Lavender has woven a fascinating tale of adventure, hardship, and commercial acumen, with details of canoe lore not easily found elsewhere. Since the French so long dominated the field, it is fitting that over half the book is devoted to their activities. Yet this emphasis has left space for only one chapter to cover the period after 1821 when the transcontinental canoe trail—then largely a boat trail—came into its own as the "Great Company's" express route for carrying dispatches, personnel, and light freight nearly three thousand miles from Hudson Bay to Fort Vancouver. This compression is responsible for several partly true generalizations and leaves room for another good book. **AW**

John A. Hussey, *retired National Park Service historian, is a consultant and writer on historical subjects. He is the author or editor of several books on the Pacific Northwest and California.*

The Richest Place on Earth: The Story of Virginia City, Nevada, and the Heyday of the Comstock Lode by Warren Hinckle and Fredric Hobbs, drawings by Fredric Hobbs *(Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1978; 187 pp., illus., notes, $14.95).*

REVIEWED BY STEPHEN MIKESELL

THIS IS NOT A CONVENTIONAL HISTORY of the Comstock Lode; it is a discourse in prose and with drawings on the greed, the exuberance, and the madness of life in "the richest place on earth." The prose, by journalist Warren Hinckle and artist Fredric Hobbs, has all the verve and some of the abandon of the lifestyle it describes. The numerous drawings by Hobbs, however, come closest to capturing the allure of life in Virginia City. His characters are independent and eccentric people who, in Hobbs's words, "wanted to be near the greatest abstraction of wealth the world has ever seen, to gaze upon it, to bathe their souls in its faint luminous energy." But there is doubt on the faces of these people, and they are haunted by fatigue, alcoholism, violence, and aimlessness.



The great bulk of the book is taken up by a relatively straightforward narration of events in Virginia City from 1857 to 1875, with illustrations following roughly the same chronology. The style of presentation, which deals with familiar characters and occurrences, might have become anecdotal in the hands of lesser talents. There is a predictable stable of characters—"Snowshoe" Thompson, Mark Twain, William Ralston, Adolph Sutro, and the luckless Grosch brothers. These stories come alive, however, in colorful prose and in the illustrations. Clearly fond of nineteenth-century styles, Hobbs and Hinckle bring back the illustrated history with an old-fashioned focus on the lives of individuals.

Framing the historical narrative are a wonderful foreword and epilogue. Hinckle's foreword tells of the last days of Lucius Beebe, who retreated to Virginia City where he could "act out a life of nineteenth-century manners, amorality, distinguished letters, alcoholism, and howling personal journalism." Hobbs's epilogue might be called a historical fantasy in which the Virginia City of old literally comes to life.

This book belongs in the library of lovers of art as well as history. **AW**

Stephen Mikesell *is a doctoral candidate in the history of the American West at the University of California, Davis.*

Teresita by William Curry Holden, illustrated by José Cisneros *(Stemmer House, 2627 Caves Road, Owings Mills, MD 21117; 253 pp., intro., illus., biblio., appen., notes, $14.95 cloth, $8.95 paper).*

REVIEWED BY VICKI LEON

IN SPAIN and Mexico alike, there are arid expanses where nothing much flourishes except the spiny alligator pear. But over the centuries, that indifferent soil has produced a singular crop of folk saints, faith healers, and Christian mystics who have served to nourish their peo-

Continued on page 58

A unique appointment calendar with a collection of Western Art specifically selected by Wells Fargo & Company capture the Pioneer Spirit and Romance of the Old West

This beautiful appointment calendar has 12 different full color prints by the famous Western Artist Frank C. McCarthy CA for only $3.95 per calendar plus $1.00 postage and handling. Each page is printed on card stock with printed matting suitable for framing. The overall size is 9" x 12".

About the Artist: Frank C. McCarthy studied at Manhattan's Art Students League and Brooklyn's Pratt Institute. In 1940 he began producing western paintings for many of the country's major magazines. In 1975 he received the Cowboy Artists of America Memorial Award for the most popular Western painting entitled "The Ford".

Send Order To:
TAHOE FOTO P.O. Box 4380 Stateline, Nev. 89449
TAHOE FOTO P.O. Box 4380 Stateline, Nev. 89449
(Quantity)____ Calendars at $3.95 each
Postage and handling charge $1.00 each
California residents add .24 ea. sales tax
Check enclosed for total
(Each calendar will be shipped in a separate envelope)
Name
Address
City
State
Zip

LIKE WESTERN HISTORY? TREAT YOURSELF TO:

GEORGE CATLIN
Episodes from
Life Among the Indians
and *Last Rambles*
Edited by Marvin C. Ross
Ross gives us George Catlin's paintings of Indian life between 1852 and 1855, and Catlin's text *of Life Among the Indians* and *Last Rambles*, both out of print, until now! *350 pages, 12 color plates, 151 black and white illus., 7⅛ x 10¼. Dec.* *$25.00.*

THE WORLD, THE WORK, AND THE WEST OF W. H. D. KOERNER
by W. H. Hutchinson
More than a biography of a versatile artist! Hutchinson uses Koerner's illustrative art to examine the world of popular culture between the two world wars, the West which writers and artists presented to their readers of the day, and the significance of it all today. *256 pages, 165 illus. (34 in color), 8½ x 11. Dec.* *$29.95*, pre-pub; *$35.00*, after pub.

PUEBLO, HARDSCRABBLE, GREENHORN: The Upper Arkansas, 1832–1856
by Janet Lecompte
Lecompte describes the settling, devastation, and rebuilding of the first white communities in Colorado. *320 pages, 50 photos and illus., maps. $14.95.*

MORE BURS UNDER THE SADDLE
200 Books and Histories of the West
by Ramon F. Adams
A continuation of Adams' *Burs Under the Saddle*, in which more truths are sorted from legend concerning events, heroes, and villains of the West. *250 pages, index.* *$14.95.*

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS
1005 ASP AVE
NORMAN, OK 73019

ples' spirit.

Teresita is the anecdotal story of Teresa Urrea, natural daughter of a Spanish grandee and an Indian woman, who came to be known as "the saint of Cabora." Born in 1873 and raised on her father's ranch in northern Mexico, Teresa began exhibiting remarkable psychic and healing abilities after recovering from a three-month coma brought on by an assault. Word of her powers rapidly spread, and eventually thousands of pilgrims made their way to the Cabora ranch to seek Teresita's touch.

Despite the fact that Teresita cured many thousands of their real or imagined ills with what she called "her God-given powers," she was sadly exploited. She became the unwitting magnet who attracted the dispossessed victims of dictator Porfirio Díaz's regime. Her spirituality became an invocation to battle, even though Teresita herself was no Joan of Arc and did not believe in violent revolution.

At nineteen, Teresita was expelled from Mexico because her popularity with the masses was considered a political threat. Seeking haven in the United States, Teresita was again exploited, this time commercially. She unwisely accepted a so-called medical firm's offer to travel about the United States, making her ministrations available. This association, with its tawdry promotion of Teresita as "the fanatical Mexican Miracle Worker," effectively served to wither her powers and her spirit. As the book aptly quotes, "It takes the right kind of soil to grow a saint." And the right kind of climate to nurture one as well.

Teresita's compelling subject matter is somewhat weakened by its tone, which wavers between scientific objectivity and romantic anecdote. However, the book is well served by José Cisnero's intense, sometimes naive pen-and-ink drawings, which make tangible the climate of belief in which Teresita lived and worked. **AW**

Vicki León *explains that she contributes regularly to travel and historical publications in a vain effort to subsidize her incessant traveling and her fanatical book-collecting.*

Ritual of the Wind: North American Indian Ceremonies, Music, and Dances by Jamake Highwater, drawings by Asa Battles *(Viking Press, New York, 1977; 192 pp., illus., biblio., index, $18.95).*

REVIEWED BY MICHAEL A. DORRIS

WRITING with a combined air of *ex cathedra* infallibility and "from the pony's mouth" authority, Jamake Highwater romances through his version of the Native American Experience, from Arapaho to Zuni. In a style which is alternately first-person ramble and ethnographic paraphrase, he manages to carry even the most over-used stereotypes to new excesses.

American Indians, the reader soon learns, are "primal people." As such, be they "humble planters" or "proud horsemen," they are ingenuous but exotic folk who can do no wrong. Pristine and instinctive, they thrived in a pastoral Eden until their world was intruded by a series of rapacious Europeans.

Old Worlders, it seems, were lacking in anything resembling basic humanity. Their culture was altogether bereft of "ritual," and thus "it was not until the turn of the 20th century that dance was evolved into an art form by people like Isadora Duncan and Martha Graham." On the other hand, "Indians are extremely observant," "are trained to think poetically," and have eyes "filled with something special, something with which the whole race of white men has been out of touch since before the time of the first Greek poet's utterances."

Despite an occasional perceptive insight, Highwater's book is shallow and simplistic and largely ignores most of the ethnohistorical work done by and on Native Americans during the past fifty years. The appendix, containing a "Calendar of Indian Events" (reminiscent of the author's previous *Fodor's Guide*), includes a delightful section of do's and don'ts in dealing with Indians: *do* pay to take their pictures; *don't* point or talk loudly—"Indians are more 'sensitive' than other Americans."

The photographs collected for *Ritual of the Wind* portray human beings more diverse and real than any of Highwater's over-generalized cardboard creations. Indeed, the book is at its best when it lapses into album format—for ten and twenty pages at a time—in which captions are minimal and Native people are permitted to appear uninterpreted and unmythologized.

The history of cultural contact and its effects is far more complex than simply the good guys vs. the bad guys. Certainly, Native Americans have been unjustly and inaccurately thrust into the latter role in most of the published work of the past four hundred years, but that wrong is not righted by a facile reversal of culpability. **AW**

Michael A. Dorris, *a Modoc, is chairman of the Native American Studies Department at Dartmouth College. He is the author of* Native Americans: 500 Years After.

"A WARM AND AFFECTIONATE BUT CLEAR-EYED MEMOIR OF THE REMEMBERED RECENT AMERICAN PAST."

—JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN,
Author of *Adlai Stevenson of Illinois*
and *Adlai Stevenson and the World*

FROM THE HIGH PLAINS

An Account of the Hard Men, High-Spirited Women— and a Few Rascals—Who Settled the Last Frontier of the Old West

Sagebrush, cactus and prairie fever dust every page of this fascinating and immensely entertaining history of the High Plains. Here are the legendary Geronimo and Billy the Kid—and the not-so-legendary but equally memorable Pop Fleener, Texas and Oklahoma's unrivaled Prohibition King. Based on stories of kinfolk and other old-timers, Fischer, a native of the area, has evoked a warm, witty and wonderful landscape of America's last frontier.

"Informative—amusing—thoughtful. As always, Jack Fisher writes with admirable lucidity and quiet amusement."

—DICK PEARCE,
San Francisco Examiner

"John Fischer's radiant book takes us home to an America we never knew—and now won't forget."

—WILLIAM STOTT,
Professor of American Studies,
University of Texas at Austin

13 drawings; map. $10.00

Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817

...Bring Cats!

(Continued from page 35)

and farmers who peopled the still-wild West. We find such cats mentioned in letters, in newspaper accounts, in journals; a few, like Mark Twain's Tom Quartz, have been immortalized in literature. Most of them—but luckily not all—have long been forgotten.

In *Alaska and the Klondike* (1899), Angelo Heilpin, who arrived in Dawson in the late 1890s, mentioned that "only two specimens of the feline family had up to this time reached Dawson—one a blue-ribboned kitten, which was endearingly received as the mascot of the Yukon Mining Exchange."

But there is much earlier evidence of more than barnyard domesticity. In 1838, Oregon missionary Marcus Whitman's wife Narcissa, the first white woman to cross the Rockies, wrote to her parents with news of their little granddaughter: "[Alice Clarissa] is just a year old. . . . She is beginning to talk considerably—says 'Papa,' 'Mamma,' 'Sarah,' 'Trim,' 'pussy.' "

Sometimes this domesticity may have been a little rough on the cats involved. Alfred Robinson, the early hide-trader who wrote *Life in California* (1846), probably the best account of the country before the Yankees came, preserved this picture of a mission padre and his cats: "Among the eccentric class of missionarys [*sic*] was Father Francisco Uria of San Buenaventura. He was an old man, but spread a sumptuous table. He kept four great cats as his regular companions and spent his time at meals in teasing and annoying them. When his cats failed him, he amused himself with thumping the heads of his Indian boys with a long stick; and he seemed delighted every time he succeeded in delivering a skillful whack."

A touching episode involving a cat has been recorded by the biographers of mountain man Miles Goodyear, who went west with Marcus Whitman, cut loose from the missionary party to live with fur trappers and Indians, took an Indian wife, and became the first white man to make a home in Utah. In 1847 Goodyear brought his family a cat: "In September Miles returned from the Sevier country, again passing through the Mormon camp. On that occasion he took a fancy to a common house cat brought across the plains by an emigrant and purchased it for ten dollars, carrying it on his saddle forty miles north to present to his wife and children. He, perhaps, had not seen a house-cat since he left the Missouri River; the sight of it probably conjured up memories of earlier days and he decided to buy it at any price."

There is something tremendously appealing about a man noted for his fearless independence in the wilderness who still can take the trouble—and trouble it must have been—to ride that forty miles carrying a cat for his wife and children. But I think that the most touching instance of concern for a frontier cat is one in the records of the Mariposa, California, Court of Sessions. Here is the last will and testament of James Thomas, signed and filed on December 28, 1852, and proven on January 8, 1853. What he died of, I do not know—probably one of the diseases of winter so deadly in the gold-rush era. After appointing his executors, he said: "I direct that all my debts shall be paid; and that the remainder of the money, after paying all necessary expenses be equally distributed amongst my dear brothers and sisters . . . [signed] James Thomas. . . . Codicil, to the annexed will, I desire that my gold watch be used by William A. Woodward and retained in his possession until he shall have an opportunity to send it to my youngest brother living . . . & that my favorite cat be committed to the care of Dr. W. A. Woodward."

IT WOULD, of course, be absurd to say that without cats, the American West would never have been settled—the pressures for expansion were too urgent, the dreams too precious—and it is very difficult to assess the part cats played in helping people defeat the wilderness. How can one evaluate an epidemic which did not occur because a cat on the San Francisco waterfront killed the rat or rats who carried it as they left a ship newly arrived from China? How can one estimate the contribution of those cats who, by catching rats and mice, enabled lonely outposts on the plains and in the mountains to survive a famine winter or struggling farms and ranches to make it—barely—through a year of drought? All one can say is that without a doubt such things did happen and that, had there been no cats, explorers and pioneers would have had a much tougher row to hoe. The debt of gratitude we owe their cats is therefore not simply for catching rats and mice, but for preventing illness, saving lives, conserving food and other hard-won supplies, and assuring that much of the desperately hard labor that went into the winning of the West was not in vain. **AW**

AUTHOR'S NOTE

References to cats in the history of the West are elusive when one seeks them out deliberately, and perhaps that is why most general books on cats have either neglected this aspect of feline history entirely or skipped over it in a paragraph or two. Consequently even the brief picture I have presented here could not have been completed without much time and very capable assistance.

For most of my material I am indebted to my late wife, Helen Harding Bretnor, for many years a reference librarian at the University of California's great Bancroft Library (and certainly the best reference librarian I have ever known) and to our close friend, the late Dale L. Morgan, dedicated scholar and noted western historian. Both of them loved cats, and both of them, in the course of their own research and very extensive reading, found accounts which I, by myself, would never have encountered.

Reginald Bretnor *is a professional writer living in Medford, Oregon. He is the author of numerous short stories and articles, and of* Decisive Warfare, A Study in Military Theory *(1969). He has translated an early book about cats, Moncrif's* Les Chats *(Paris, 1727) and edited three critical symposiums on science fiction.*

RARE WESTERN AMERICANA

We regularly issue catalogs devoted to rare books and maps. All of them contain, among other items, a good selection of rare overland narratives, Texana, Californiana, important maps of the West, etc. Sample copies $5 ($6 foreign); subscriptions of 5 issues $20 ($25 foreign). We will be quite happy to give your specialized wants our full attention.

WALTER REUBEN, INC.
American Bank Tower, Suite 410-A
Austin, Texas 78701

James Rolph

(Continued from page 13)

tion and incompetence leveled against his administration seemed to have little effect on his personal popularity. Many observers believed that the campaign for re-election he was beginning when he died would have been successful.

But by the time death overtook him, Rolph was little more than a colorful anachronism. The outpouring of grief which followed his passing was for the man, not his policies. As the *Examiner* put it, "Governor Rolph will be remembered because of his generosity, kindness and friendship and the loveable soul that expressed itself universally in smiles." But San Francisco was aware that his death was symbolic of the passing of an expansive, reckless era in the history of the city and the nation. It was clear to the thousands of mourners who passed through the rotunda of San Francisco City Hall in 1934 to pay their last respects to Sunny Jim that Rolph had been the quintessence of a happier, less complex time; a time for which they could only feel nostalgia as they faced the staggering problems ahead. **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

No first-rate study of Rolph exists; the only full-length biographical work, David Wooster Taylor's *Life of James Rolph Jr.* (1934), was commissioned by a group of Rolph's closest friends. The California Historical Society's collection of James Rolph, Jr., papers is an invaluable source. Two newspaper series, Paul C. Edwards, "The Rise and Decline of 'Jim' Rolph" (*San Francisco News*, August 7–12, 1933) and Elenore Meherin, "Rolph's Story" (*San Francisco Call-Bulletin*, December 17, 1930–January 1931), provide contemporary accounts of Rolph's career. H. Brett Melendy and Gilbert Benjamin in *The Governors of California* (1965) provide a useful biographical sketch with emphasis on Rolph's years in Sacramento. Three graduate monographs provide analysis of specific aspects of Rolph's career. They are Clementina Fisher, *James Rolph Jr. 1869–1934: An Estimate of His Influence on San Francisco History* (M.A., University of San Francisco, 1965), Herman Goldbeck, *The Political Career of James Rolph Jr.* (M.A., University of California, Berkeley, 1936), and Liston Sabraw, *James Rolph Jr. and the End of the Barbary Coast* (M.A., San Francisco State, 1960). Morley Segal's "James Rolph Jr. and the Early Days of the San Francisco Municipal Railway" (*California Historical Society Quarterly*, March 1964) is also of interest.

Valuable portraits of Rolph at various stages of his career are contained in a variety of works dealing with other topics. Among the most important are Robert Duffus, *The Tower of Jewels* (1960); Richard Frost, *The Mooney Case* (1968); Curt Gentry, *Frame-Up* (1967); Gilman Ostrander, *The Prohibition Movement in California* (1957); Sally Stanford, *The Lady of the House* (1966); and Luther Whiteman and Samuel Lewis, *Glory Roads: The Psychological State of California* (1936).

Merritt Barnes *is a native San Franciscan with undergraduate and graduate degrees from the University of San Francisco. He teaches at Serramonte High School in nearby Daly City. This article is the result of his research for a forthcoming book on San Francisco between 1910 and World War II.*

COUSIN JACKS

(Continued from page 7)

turned to the other. "Dost thee ever 'ear of these two, Patience and Perseverance?" he inquired.

"Damme, no," said his partner. "They must be some of them bloody Eyetalians they're bringing in 'ere to work."

NURTURED IN A LAND OF MYTH AND LEGEND, the Cornish were naturally superstitious, and they brought many of their superstitions to America. They considered crows a symbol of death, as were red-headed women. They believed that women would bring bad luck or disaster to a mine, and no woman was ever allowed underground. (Many mine and tunnel workers hold this belief to this day.) The Cornish also believed that if a miner's candle went out three times or fell off the wall, somebody was at home romancing his wife.

But perhaps the miners' strangest belief of all was in the existence of incredible elfin characters, the Tommy-knockers. "Little brown men," as they were known, these gnomes or pixies were believed to be the ghosts of men killed in the mines, and they were forever on guard to warn of new dangers and death. The Cousin Jacks swore that Tommy-knockers could be heard tapping and making strange noises deep in the rock and drifts of mining areas. Sensing bad air or a cave-in, they might suddenly warn a miner by snuffing out his candle. The Tommy-knockers also guided the miners to rich ore veins. It was said, too, that the supernatural little fellows played mischievous pranks, and they could be seen riding on ore trains, hopping off with a friendly wave to the miners as they mysteriously disappeared into the tunnel walls. But they were temperamental, too, and if a miner refused to share his meal with them, he might find himself in serious trouble.

The Cousin Jacks, according to most early accounts, were good miners, hearty companions, and as lusty in their pastimes and recreation as in their work. On Sundays or holidays they gathered for their favorite sports, coursing (dog-racing) and wrestling. Dressed in baggy trousers and sacklike canvas jackets, the Cornish staged punishing wrestling bouts reminiscent of cockfights, recalls an early resident of Central City. They also dearly loved to drink and sing, and in their best baritones they used to rock the mining-camp saloons with the rousing strains of "Trafalgar's Boy" and "The Wreck of the Arethusa."

During the early days in the West, every mining camp boasted its hook-and-ladder and hose companies, in which Cornish firemen eagerly competed. Pulling their high-wheeled hose carts by hand, they raced through the rutted streets of Butte and Grass Valley, Central City and Deadwood to tumultuous cheering. But perhaps the most popular sport was rock-drilling, at which the Cornish excelled. They competed on special occasions, such as the Fourth of July. In order to place the sticks of dynamite and to blast underground, the miners first had to drill holes in the rock by hand. This was called "double-Jacking." While one man held and rotated the heavy steel drill, his partner swung an eight-pound sledge, driving the drill inch by inch into the granitic ore. An expert miner could make fifty strokes per minute. It was arduous and dangerous work, for if the miner missed the drill head, he would break his partner's arm! Today, the exciting rock-drilling sport is being revived, and contests are staged each summer at Nederland, Colorado.

Coming from a Celtic land steeped in superstition and mystery, the Cornish were avowedly religious and most were Methodists. Preaching to the poverty-stricken, isolated Cornish in the 1700s, the fiery English evangelist, John Wesley, had sparked a great revival throughout their land. Promising eternal salvation, he converted tens of thousands and gave people new hope and faith for the future.

Immigrating to America, the Cornish responded warmly to the circuit-riding Methodists who came as missionaries to the roaring mining camps. Contributing both money and labor, the Cousin Jacks helped to build St. James Methodist-Episcopal Church in Central City, a historic shrine still standing today. Imbued with Methodist fervor, Cornish families often hoped that a son would enter the ministry. Feeling such a call to the ministry, two Cornish youths immigrated to the United States where they hoped to earn enough money in the fabulous gold mines to attend college and seminary. Though neither succeeded, they realized their dreams through their sons, both of whom became distinguished churchmen: Methodist bishops G. Bromley Oxnam of California and Donald H. Tippett of Colorado.

Now retired in Berkeley, California, but still vigorously preaching and lecturing, eighty-two-year-old Tippett has vivid recollections of the Cornish in Colorado. "When my father was foreman of the famed Gunnel Mine in Gilpin County," he recalls, "he had a Cousin Jack miner who claimed that he had worked up so high [in altitude] that he could hear the angels sing, and down so deep in the earth that he could hear the Chinese doing their dishes. This Cousin Jack also used to say, 'I don't take a bath and I'm as fitty as they who do!' "

Born in Central City, Bishop Tippett relates another delightful story. He recalls that the once-booming mining camp was so crowded that men slept three in a bed, and whenever one of them wanted to turn over he shouted "Ready!" The second would then repeat "Ready," and the third would say, "Turn." Now one night three miners, in their cups, wandered into St. James Church during a revival meeting. Finding a pew at the back of the sanctuary, the tipsy trio sat down just as the evangelist warmed up with the hymn, "The Judgment Day Is Coming, Are You Ready?" The preacher then repeated "Are You Ready? Are You Ready," whereupon the miners, feeling their spirits, responded with a fervent shout, "TURN!"

The word was to prove prophetic, as indeed scores in Central City were converted and did "turn" to Christ, in-

cluding one of the town's leading madams, who joined St. James Church. To the Cornish miner, risking his life daily in the dangerous mines, religion was a real and a never-failing source of strength. Once called to a mine disaster which had trapped several men in a cave-in, Bishop Tippett recalls that rescuers found the Cousin Jacks courageously singing the old hymn, "Abide With Me."

Like their Celtic kinfolk, the Welsh, the Cornish were often gifted musically, and they gloried in hymn singing. Their fine Cornish voices enriched church choirs, and at Christmastime they lifted the spirits and gladdened the hearts of the grim mining towns with their rousing carols. The Grass Valley Cornish Choir sang for over fifty years and became famous. The Cousin Jacks not only kept the Sabbath but always turned out, too, for religious revivals. My mother used to tell the story of a memorable Salvation Army meeting in the Black Hills.

One night after a stirring revival, when the crowded hall had been emptied, an army lass found a lone Cousin Jack on his hands and knees between the benches. Touching him gently on the shoulder, she inquired, "My good man, are you seeking Jesus?"

"Damme no," snorted the Cornishman. "I'm 'untin for my bloody 'at!"

A curious, clannish people, who evolved their own peculiar language and culture, the Cornish also developed their own distinctive "mait and drink," as they call it—some of the oddest fare in the world. The early Cornish were a hardy folk who ate a coarse, heavy diet. Today they still delight in such rare treats as "herby" (herbs and bacon) pie, "figgy pudden," "toad-in-the-'ole" (dumpling), and scalded or "Cornish craim," while their basic and indispensable meal is the pasty (pronounced pass-tee).

Some authorities speculate that the pasty originated with a slipshod Cornish housewife who used to send her miner husband off to work with stale, unappetizing lunches to eat underground. But one day, seeking to satisfy her grumbling spouse, she hit on a tasty replacement in a perfect package. She rolled her "beef and tetty" (potato) into a piecrust, folded it over and crimped the edges, producing a neatly packaged and delicious meal which fitted snugly into a miner's coat pocket. If she lacked "beef and tetty," she would make a pasty of mackerel or herring or anything available —and it was said that the devil never dared visit Cornwall for fear of being put into a pasty.

Inheriting the ancient food additive saffron from the Phoenicians, who long ago bartered the substance for Cornwall's tin, the Cornish also baked a pungent saffron cake. It was light yellow, heavy, and tasted like medicine. It tastes the same today, but you learn to like it, and Cornish-descent families consider saffron cake and buns a rare treat indeed. The Cornish are heavy-handed cooks, as witness the "fuggan"—a kind of poor man's cake that is as heavy as lead. Miners carried fuggan like the pasty, in their coat pockets, but not safely. There's a story that one day as a miner descended a shaft to work, a chunk of heavy fuggan slipped from his pocket, ricocheted to the bottom and killed three men. Another coveted Cornish dish, even more loaded with calories, is scalded or clotted cream. Bringing the fresh milk to a near boil in a shallow pan, the Cornish then skim off the rich cream, which rises to the top as it cools, and spread it thickly on their bread, together with treacle or syrup. A Cousin Jack, who had eaten scalded cream all of his life, used to swear that he had consumed enough to "lather the Open Cut," a great, yawning hole in the earth at Lead, South Dakota, which has yielded the Homestake Mine millions of dollars in gold-bearing ore.

IN HIS SIGNIFICANT STUDY, *The Cousin Jacks: The Cornish in America,* historian A. L. Rowse has aptly summed up the Cornish character and their contribution to American life: "The Cornish are a small people, but quite distinctive; forever burrowing and tunneling underground, not much emerging into the light of day. Not for them the great fortunes of the Rockefellers, Fords, Mellons, Carnegies—though there have been some rare exceptions, as with the Penroses in Colorado. The Cornish have always been a poor and hard-working people, like the Scots: they bear the burden and the heat of the day, they do not get the laurels.

"Nevertheless, they are on the whole a contented people, not given to making trouble, forever striking for more pay and less work, shirking their dues and obligations. . . . So in coming to America, they immediately made good citizens. Coming from the democratic society of the mining towns and villages, where they called no one lord or master and rarely saw a squire, they took to the democratic tone of American society like ducks to water."

The Cornish took little part in politics, says Professor Rowse, and none whatever in the Tammany and Mafia-style corruptions of city life. Today the Cornish are particularly prominent in education, the ministry, and in mechanical engineering and mining. "Within the United States today there must be seven or eight times as many Cornish as there are in Cornwall," concludes Dr. Rowse. "But Americans, for the most part, are quite unaware of the Cornish people in their midst, and of their contribution to the nation. The curious thing is that the Cornish have not much written about themselves. They are more expert with pick and shovel than with the pen."

Despite such reticence, the Cousin Jacks have left a lasting stamp on the West, not only for their curious language, customs, and culture, but above all for their notable contributions to hard-rock mining and to the life of our country. **AW**

FOR FURTHER READING

While the Cornish contributed greatly to hard-rock mining in the West, they wrote little about themselves and source material is scarce. The best available book is *The Cousin Jacks: The Cornish in America* (1969) by A. L. Rowse. For general accounts of western mining with references to the Cornish see Thomas A. Rickard, *A History of Mining in America* (1932), Otis E. Young, Jr., *Black Powder and Hard Steel* (1976), as well as regional histories.

Paul Friggens *of Boulder, Colorado, is descended from Cornish who mined in the Mother Lode country of California and the Black Hills of South Dakota. Coauthor of* The Black Hills, *he has had a wide-ranging career as a newspaper reporter and columnist, press-syndicate executive, and magazine writer and editor.*

Membership in the Western History Association is open to anyone interested in the history and culture of the American West. Inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557. Membership is on a calendar-year basis and includes THE AMERICAN WEST and WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY. Annual dues are: Regular Member $20.00; Sustaining Member $30.00; Student Member & Emeritus Member $10.00 (includes only the WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY and Annual Conference material); Sponsoring Member $100.00 (Institution); Life Member $500.00, paid in a twelve-month period. Individuals or institutions not wishing to become members may subscribe directly to either THE AMERICAN WEST or the WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY at regular subscription rates.

Sponsoring Members

American Bibliographical Center—Clio Press
Amon Carter Museum of Western Art
University of Arizona
Arizona Historical Foundation
Arizona Historical Society
Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records
Arizona State University
University of Arkansas
The Bancroft Library
Baylor University
Brigham Young University
Buffalo Bill Historical Center
University of Colorado
Colorado College, Colorado Springs
University of Northern Colorado
University of Southern Colorado
Colorado State University
Colorado Historical Society
University of Denver
Denver Public Library
Fort Hays Kansas State College
Fort Lewis College
Indiana University
Jefferson County Historical Commission, Colorado
Kansas State Historical Society
Kansas State University
Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History
Los Angeles Westerners
University of Maryland, College Park
Michigan State University
University of Southern Mississippi
University of Missouri System
Montana Historical Society
University of Montana
Montana State University
University of Nebraska
University of Nebraska, Omaha
Nebraska State Historical Society
University of Nevada, Reno
University of New Mexico
New Mexico State University
University of Oklahoma
Oklahoma State University
Oklahoma Historical Society
University of the Pacific
Pacific Lutheran University
Saint Louis University
East Tennessee State University
University of Texas
University of Texas at Arlington
Texas A&M University
Texas Christian University
Texas Tech University
University of Toledo
United States Air Force Academy
University of Utah
Utah State University
University of Washington
Washington State University
University of Wisconsin—River Falls
University of Wyoming
Eastern Wyoming College
Yale University Press

WHA Officers

President
Joe B. Frantz
University of Texas at Austin

Vice-President
William T. Hagan
State University of New York College at Fredonia

Secretary-Treasurer
William D. Rowley
University of Nevada, Reno

Council Members

Richard A. Bartlett
Florida State University, Tallahassee

Donald C. Cutter
University of New Mexico, Albuquerque

Russell R. Elliott
University of Nevada, Reno

W. Turrentine Jackson
University of California, Davis

Cathryne C. Johnson
Colorado Historical Society, Denver

Sandra L. Myres
University of Texas at Arlington

Ben Procter
Texas Christian University, Fort Worth

Homer E. Socolofsky
Kansas State University, Manhattan

Donald E. Worcester
Texas Christian University, Fort Worth

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

1. Date of filing: October 1, 1978.
2. Title of publication: The American West.
3. Frequency of issue: Bimonthly.
4. Location of known office of publication: American West Publishing Company, 20380 Town Center Lane, Cupertino, California 95014.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: American West Publishing Company, 20380 Town Center Lane, Cupertino, California 95014.
6. Name and address of publisher and editor: Ed Holm, American West Publishing Company, 20380 Town Center Lane, Cupertino, California 95014.
7. Owner: Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, Box 1020, Cody, WY 82414. American West Publishing Company is a wholly owned subsidiary of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, a nonprofit educational institution.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.
9. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages, or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or the securities of the publishing corporation.

		Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	*Single issue nearest to filing date*
A.	Total no. copies printed (net press run)	28,713	26,740
B.	Paid circulation		
	1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales	575	450
	2. Mail subscriptions	24,510	23,082
C.	Total paid circulation	25,085	23,532
D.	Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	255	223
E.	Total distribution (sum of C and D)	25,340	23,755
F.	Copies not distributed		
	1. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled, after printing	3,361	2,983
	2. Returns from news agents	12	2
G.	Total (sum of E and F should equal net press run shown in A)	28,713	26,740

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Diane A. Lindquist, Business Manager

Give a gift that brings year-round pleasure- THE AMERICAN WEST

SPECIAL HOLIDAY GIFT SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

First One-Year Subscription $15 Each Additional Subscription $12

Please clearly print or type information. New subscriptions begin with January/February 1979 issue. For orders outside U.S. add $1 per subscription. This special holiday offer expires December 31, 1978.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Sign card from _____

☐ New subscription ☐ A Renewal

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Sign card from _____

☐ New Subscription ☐ A renewal

SPECIAL HOLIDAY GIFT SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

First One-Year Subscription $15 Each Additional Subscription $12

Please clearly print or type information. New subscriptions begin with January/February 1979 issue. For orders outside U.S. add $1 per subscription. This special holiday offer expires December 31, 1978.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Sign card from _____

☐ New subscription ☐ A Renewal

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Sign card from _____

☐ New Subscription ☐ A renewal

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 420 CUPERTINO, CA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

THE AMERICAN WEST
20380 Town Center Lane
Suite 160
Cupertino, California 95014

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 420 CUPERTINO, CA

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

THE AMERICAN WEST
20380 Town Center Lane
Suite 160
Cupertino, California 95014

CURRENT PERIODICAL SERIES

PUBLICATION NO: 1850

TITLE: AMERICAN WEST

VOLUME: 16 ISSUES: 1-6

DATE: January - December 1979

NOTICE: This periodical may be copyrighted, in which case the contents remain the property of the copyright owner. The microfilm edition is reproduced by agreement with the publisher. Duplication or resale without permission is prohibited.

University Microfilms International, Ann Arbor, Mich.

MICROFILMED – 1980